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HENRY HORACE WEBSTER

BY

JASPER VAN VLECK







With very best regards
Your friend
H. H. Webster.

HENRY HORACE WEBSTER

THE TYPICAL
"YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION"
MAN

"The Story of a Busy Life for Busy Men."

✓ BY
JASPER VAN VLECK,

Author of "The Use and Abuse of Athletic Sports," etc.

WITH PREFATORY NOTE BY CEPHAS BRAINERD, ESQ.

"If Webster would work with but half the zeal for his own interest with which he works for the good of others, no human power could prevent him from becoming a great man."—Extract from letter to Mrs. Webster by a classmate of Webster's.

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PREFACE.

One evening in August, 1891, a company of gentlemen were dining together in New York. They had met, as the Board of Managers of the Twenty-third Street Branch of the Young Men's Christian Association, to tender a complimentary and farewell dinner to their retiring secretary, Mr. James McConaughy.

The evening was a most agreeable one, for those present were old fellow-workers in Christian Association fields, and story and incident had crowded fast upon one another. Yet, underneath all their visible mirth, there had run an undercurrent of sadness, for they were to lose their secretary, whom they all loved. Then, too, there was another cause for this quiet strain of sadness: we missed a familiar face, a cheery voice, the form of one who was almost always present at our meetings.

Our guest at the close of a speech spoke of Henry H. Webster, and the great loss we had suffered in his death. "It is not too much to say, gentlemen," he continued, "that with the death of Mr. Webster, our association has met with a loss that is well nigh irreparable. I think I have felt his absence more this summer than at any other time since he left us. During June, July and August so

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many of our workers go away, as to seriously inconvenience our committees. Not so, however, with Mr. Webster. He was always on hand, and the going away of so many, only seemed to stimulate him to greater exertion. Now, I have been thinking, lately, a good deal about him, his unselfishness, his constancy, his supreme desire to be always working for the Master, and it seems to me that such a life as his should not be permitted to pass unrecorded. Young men like Mr. Webster are scarce; we do not often meet with them. It has struck me that if some one among us were to collect the simple facts of his life and publish them, it would do a great deal of good. I think that many young men would read such a book and be greatly helped thereby."

In response to the suggestion of Mr. McConaughy, concerted action was speedily taken toward the publication of the life of Mr. Webster. His friends, many and warm, responded gladly to the appeal for facts and incidents in his life, and the result of their contributions is the present volume.

Among those who so kindly contributed, there may be mentioned the following gentlemen: Messrs. Robert R. McBurney, Richard C. Morse, Cleveland H. Dodge, Mornay Williams, Cephas Brainerd, Jr., of New York City; Prof. Edsall Ferrier, Easton, Pa.; Rev. Wm. R. Collins, Philadelphia, Pa.; Arthur G. Merriam, Springfield, Mass.; James McConaughy, Northfield, Mass.; and John Nicol and C. C. Fulton, Mauch Chunk, Pa.

New York City, 1892.

JASPER VAN VLECK.

PREFATORY NOTE.

The writer of the following sketch of the life of Henry Horace Webster requests from me something by way of introduction to his narrative. I think from the material at his command, Mr. van Vleck has drawn, with sympathetic and loving hand, as complete a picture of Mr. Webster as can well be produced, when it is considered how short a period he had for service, and the character of the service which he rendered.

Mr. Webster made no attempts in any of the lines usually adopted by college graduates; he did not seek literary fame; he did not aim for wealth; he did not aspire to social distinction, nor did he seek political influence or professional renown. The reader of Mr. van Vleck's sketch will find that Webster seems to have possessed but one ambition, and that was to accomplish within the sphere of his influence, within the range of his capacity and power, the most of good possible to the persons with whom he might come in contact from day to day. And so, therefore, he sought two things; first, access to the largest number of persons the most in need of the influence which he desired to exert; and secondly, to acquire those qualities and that knowledge which would make him thoroughly effective. To these

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things he gave himself without stint, regardless of considerations personal to himself, and perhaps not always in the exercise of the greatest wisdom, for many of his friends feel that he would have accomplished more had he addressed himself to a broader range of study and investigation than that which he adopted; that he would have lived longer and secured larger results had he confined himself less strictly to the fields of service which he one after the other selected. This question, however, cannot be decided; he may have been wise; others may not be wise in their present judgment. At any rate, this is true; he was satisfied with his choice.

In his work in his college; in his work after graduation; in his work in the New York Young Men's Christian Association, there was always the one single object before Webster. He aimed, in his dealings with men, to produce the highest and the completest of reforms; he was not content with good resolves; he was not content with good talk; he was not content with promises; he was content with nothing short of the consecration of the entire man to the one Savior and to the promotion of His cause. He believed that nothing save this radical reform was reform at all. He sought to secure this result, not by rhetorical effort in meetings, larger or smaller, not by sentimental suggestions, but by a plain, manly and sincere presentation of the truth as disclosed in the Bible. Those who heard him in public speech, those who heard him in

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his dealing with individual men, those who witnessed his efforts of any sort or kind, know this very well, and none know it better than those who accepted his leadership and became, like him, followers of the Lord.

He was to me the best living illustration of the doctrine of that wonderful sermon by Cardinal Newman, entitled, "Personal influence the means of propagating the truth" (the fifth of his University Sermons), a sermon so striking in the breadth of its teaching, as well as in its beauty, that it is often referred to in books treating solely upon secular topics. Of this sermon, Mr. Bagehot, after recommending it to the attention of his scientific readers, says: "They will there see the opinion of a great practical leader of men, of one who has led very many where they little thought of going, as to the mode in which they are to be led; and what he says, put shortly and simply, and taken out of his delicate language, is but this: 'That men are guided by type, not by argument; that some winning instance must be set up before them or the sermon will be vain and the doctrine will not spread,' * * * and, after all, I can but teach the commonplace, that it is the life of the teachers which is catching, not their tenets."

It is very true that, with the progress of years upon each of the fields with which Webster was connected, he became an important leader of men. He did not, however, become such a leader because he possessed what is ordinarily understood to be the quality of command; he never sought, in my judg-

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ment, to command; but he became a leader because in his life and in his treatment of others, he conformed to the principles and doctrines which he sought by his lips to teach. In other words, his life and conduct were in harmony with his words, and for that reason he influenced individual men, and companies of men.

Again, he was content to work with the material and in the place where he happened to be; his conduct in his college course shows this; his conduct in the short time which he spent at the home of his parents after graduation, and especially in his connection with railroad men; his conduct in the association in New York, not only while he was associate secretary, but after he became a member of its Committee of Management and of its Board; he did always the work, according to the best of his ability, that was placed before him.

So far as I am able to judge, Mr. Webster looked upon the Christian work that he performed, and which he was fitting himself in that performance to do better and upon a more extended field, on a larger stage, as constituting his career. I do not believe that he looked upon business as any other than a subordinate occupation. That he attended to business with strictness and care, that he did the work in it which his engagements called for faithfully and well, neglecting nothing, is conceded by all. He did not, however, aspire, as I think, to great business success. Every young man anticipates a career, some in professions, some in business, some

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in society; Webster selected a life of useful service in the elevation of individual men, and especially young men. Business was to him but a means for his support while working out the things he had set for himself. He died at thirty-eight, and few men of that age have done as much in the fulfillment of their purpose in life as did Henry Webster.

Francis Horner, who died about the same age, a member of the British parliament and the most loved man of his party at that time in England, had done less toward the rounding out of his career than had Henry Webster at the time of his death. That selected by Horner involved masses of correspondence, parliamentary speeches and the like, and his written life fills two octavo volumes. That chosen by Webster contemplated quite another service; it involved neither parliamentary speeches, platform efforts, or large correspondence; that is to say, the life work of Francis Horner contemplated things in a certain general sense earthly, of which earth takes notice, and of which earth gladly preserves, so far as earth may, a permanent record. The work of Henry Webster took hold of things unseen and eternal, of which a very inconsiderable record is kept on earth; of which earth takes but little notice, and of which it has little means for preserving a record. That record is known only in part even by those most intimate with him; they can never know it fully unless at last they be with him where he is. But if the service which concerns things everlasting is of more value, is more enduring, than that which touches only on

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things which are temporal, then is Henry Webster's career greater, more enduring and more beneficent in its influence than the other. And yet, few can rise to the position occupied by Francis Horner at the close of his life, but many, if they will seek the wisdom which Henry Webster acquired, can rise to that which he occupied, and to his present home. "And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever." In this lies the appeal which his life makes to young men.

Every man who really knew Henry Webster is grateful for what he did; appreciates the breadth and the reach of his accomplishment; is satisfied that he could not have done better in other lines with the faculty and power which he had. Those, however, who knew him well regret most profoundly his early death, because they saw in the later years of his life a development of power, an increase in strength, an enlargement of faculty which those who saw him in early years, just after graduation, never anticipated he would exhibit. Indeed, at the time of his death, few men of his age promised more future, better future, than Henry Webster. Sorrowing as they do for the loss of what he was, they sorrow most of all for the loss which Christian service suffered in what Henry Webster might have been. Probably no better testimony was ever furnished to the power, influence and usefulness of a young business man than that exhibited on the occasion of the memorial service in the hall of the New York asso-

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ciation; and it was not so much in the testimonies of those who spoke, as furnishing evidence of his greatness and his goodness, as in the attendance of a body of men, almost wholly young, filling that large hall to the full, who exhibited by their sympathetic interest in the service their appreciation of his character and their sorrow at his death.

Webster was to me a dearly loved friend and fellow worker, who grew not old with advancing years, who grew not vain with increasing knowledge; who grew not conceited with the increase of his power with men; who seemed ever able to say as did Standfast, "I have loved to hear my Lord spoken of; and wherever I have seen the print of His shoe in the earth, there I have coveted to set my foot too."

CEPHAS BRAINERD.

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CHAPTER I.

PARENTAGE AND EARLY LIFE.

Before the foot of primeval man trod this continent, a beneficent Providence had stored away in the bosom of mother earth the materials, which, in the process of time, were to become the great coal bearing fields of Pennsylvania.

As time passed by and civilization drifted in from the seaboard, this region became sparsely settled; some of its nooks, sheltered from the winds by a favoring mountain, appealed more forcibly to settlers, and several gathering there formed a little hamlet. Roads, rough in their way, were cut between these hamlets and in process of time an intermittent kind of communication was established between them. The discovery of "stone coal," as it was called, about 1750, drew to this region a considerable population. Wherever the black diamond was found in paying quantities, there was sure to be a little settlement.

Into this growing community there came in October, 1835, the Rev. Richard Webster, a young man only twenty-five years of age, and a recent graduate of the Theological Seminary of Princeton, N. J. He had been invited to preach at South

Easton, Pennsylvania, at the recommendation of the Rev. Dr. McDowell, then secretary of the Board of Missions. He expected to preach one Sabbath at South Easton, a new village across the Lehigh river, and one Sabbath at Mauch Chunk, with a view of being permanently settled at Easton. It was at Mauch Chunk, however, that he finally settled, remaining there until his death.

Mauch Chunk, proper, was a small settlement at this time, composed of the homes of the mine owners and the mine operatives, a country store or two, and a general supply store, dealing chiefly in the materials used in the mines. The village consisted of a single street laid out on the west bank of the Lehigh river at its passage through Mahoning and Sharp mountains. The houses were built in a single line in the valley, through which flowed the river, and the narrowness of the place allowed only the most diminutive of gardens. What was lacking in space, however, was amply atoned for in beauty, for the little plots were gardens indeed, and from early spring until late fall blossomed out a mass of color and sweetness. The hills rose majestically on every side, in some places from seven hundred to one thousand feet, sheer up, and the scenery was most picturesque. Directly in front of the village, Mt. Pisgah reared its lofty head, its slopes wooded so thickly as to make progress through them a difficult matter. At the foot of Mt. Pisgah, the highest peak in the Sharp mountains, the Lehigh river ran, pursuing its way quietly, but at times, notably in

the spring of the year, when swollen by the melting snows from the sides of the mountains, it became a raging torrent, overflowing its banks and bearing destruction in its path. The air was peculiarly cool and pure, and the excellence of the water proverbial.

The Rev. Richard Webster, the newly settled pastor of this town, brought with him to his work great energy, rare intellectual powers and thorough preparation for his work. His ancestors came originally from England and were among the first settlers of the Colony of Connecticut, and it was from them that he inherited all those sterling traits of character for which the New Englanders are so justly celebrated. Very early in life he elected to enter the ministry, and all his studies were carried on with that end in view. He was educated in his native town, Albany; graduated at Union College in 1829; went to Andover for a short time to study theology, and then to Princeton, where he took a three years' course in the Theological Seminary graduating from there in 1834.

Mr. Webster was settled over the First Presbyterian church of Mauch Chunk as its first pastor in 1835. Into this new life he threw himself with all the energy of his nature and in a few years had gathered about him a goodly congregation. The following year he married a Miss Cross, the daughter of a Baltimore merchant, a lady in every way worthy to be his helpmeet.

From this time on, his work among the people was constant and his success most wonderful, for all

with whom he came in contact learned to love him. Being a man of a most catholic spirit, Protestant and Romanist alike shared his love and bounty, his genial, kindly spirit seeing in every man a brother. His charge was a large one, extending in either direction for twenty miles, and yet he never suffered storm or distance to deter him from going where he was called, feeling that to relieve suffering or sorrow was his duty and pleasure. He knew everyone in the mountains, and if perchance he learned of a death or an accident in a family, it was sure to draw him to the spot. In spite of his excessive labors among the people he found time to do a large amount of literary work, the most notable of which is his "History of the Presbyterian Church," published after his death.

In his home as well as in his church he was greatly blessed, and in the love of his wife and family he found refreshment and grace for the daily struggle. He was very fond of his home, returning to it after the pastoral duties of the day with unqualified delight. He entered into the life of his children as thoroughly as if he were one of them, encouraging them to talk to him of their games, pleasures and school; and taking an interest in every little thing in which they were interested. In this way he held their confidences and was to them an elder brother as well as a father.

For twenty-one years he labored incessantly, attending not only to the duties of his own church but doing a surprising amount of missionary labor in

the surrounding country. Never very strong, his great exertions finally began to tell upon him. Death came very suddenly, but found him ready. He died surrounded by his family, in the month of June, 1856, leaving a wife and six children. At his funeral a most touching incident was related of him. Rev. Andrew B. Cross, who delivered the address, said of the deceased: "He was pre-eminently a man of prayer, and one who made it a personal matter to pray for his friends and relatives, for every kind of people—persons with whom he met—and carried these cases before the mercy-seat with an earnestness that showed his interest in them, and his confidence in God as the hearer of prayer. Why, it was said of him that he had privately and personally prayed for every person that attended upon his ministry; and, on the very day he died, he had been praying for an opportunity to speak to a man who had been neglecting attendance upon public worship, which prayer God answered, giving him the opportunity before he died."

At the time of his father's death, Henry Horace Webster, the subject of our sketch, was barely over two years of age and entirely unable to realize the great loss which he had sustained. He was the youngest child of the family, and to him on his death-bed the love of the dying pastor went out, commending him, especially, to the care of the Father of the fatherless.

Believing implicitly in Him in whose care the fatherless family had been left, the young widow

took up the labor of rearing her children, with a strong heart. In this work she was ably assisted by the children themselves, and that which in other families would have been a difficult task, was in hers a comparatively easy one. She ruled with love, trying to make her children love the right for right's sake. Speaking of these times, the successor of her husband in the church at Mauch Chunk, writes to one of the children, as follows:

* * * * *

“You know that I went to Mauch Chunk very soon after your father's death, and your brother Henry was a very small child, and when I left in 1865 he was not ten years old. I remember him as a sturdy round-faced boy, active and fond of play, and such a contrast to his more sedate brothers that your mother was sometimes apprehensive that his natural spirits might hereafter carry him too far. But there was no reason to fear. He, from the first, was easily controlled by your mother and very early adopted her principles, which became afterward so characteristic of him. Your mother's faith, strength of character, and influence over her children, surprised me at our first interview. Her sudden bereavement had thrown the whole responsibility upon her of the training of her large family. She fully realized this, but her faith in God's grace and in His covenant with her and her children, sustained her. No change was made in the object or method of the home discipline. Baptism had not been to your parents a mere form. but a real consecration

of their children to the Lord and therefore the object of home training was the conversion of each child, and preparation of him, not for the world, but for Christ's service. To accomplish this was your mother's prayer and effort. Pleadings of some for a laxity of principle or for questionable indulgences did not move her. I cannot recollect any restiveness or dissent on the part of her children, for they appreciated her motive, had adopted her principles, and approved her method. It could not be otherwise. With her, religion was the principal thing; her daily instruction and example made it intelligent and attractive and her love commended the love of Christ. I have seldom, if ever, seen better realized the Christian home and true mother's influence. The results are not surprising—the early conversion of each child and his consistent, godly and useful life. Nothing else would have been possible under God's gracious covenant. I delighted to watch the effect of your mother's training upon little Henry during the eight years I was at Mauch Chunk and am sure that he was always ready to acknowledge what was so true, that all he was and had accomplished for Christ, was due, under God, to his mother's influence. 'Her children rise up and call her blessed.' "

* * * * *

Under the loving care of such a mother, Henry lived a happy child's life. Speaking of his very early years, it is said of him that he was possessed of one of the happiest of dispositions. His mother

gave him great freedom, trusting him implicitly, and she never had cause to regret so doing. Speaking of her brother, his eldest sister says of him, that as a child he was the delight of his family and of all who came to the house.

Notwithstanding the fact that Henry was but two and a half years old when his father died, yet he retained a faint remembrance of him. That unselfish, devoted life made a deep impression upon him. Living in the home so full of precious memories of the blessed life and peaceful, triumphant death of his father, and in the town where his work and memory were held in loving remembrance, that impression deepened as the years passed away. Often while yet a boy he was wont to exclaim, "If I am only worthy of my father and mother I shall be satisfied;" and following out this desire, it was his custom, when at home, to repair frequently to his father's grave, and, standing there, pray that his life, too, might be a blessing to others.

Great influence for good was exerted on his life at this early formative period by his father's friends, who frequented his home, and he often spoke in later years of the great pleasure and help their sympathy in his youthful tastes and plans had been to him. Another beneficial influence on his early life was his implicit confidence in his mother. To her he came for sympathy and guidance in all the affairs which went to make up his childish life.

Henry Webster was a thorough boy, a true boy with a bright sunny disposition and perfect health,

He delighted in all the games and amusements of the place. The day was never too long for him. The pure air of the mountains was considered by his mother better for him than the close school-room, so on especially bright days he, with his brothers and sisters, was given a holiday. He loved everything connected with his mountain home and would spend hours in climbing and rambling through the woods.

In his home life his mother combined loving training and wise care. She made religion attractive to her children, and Henry learned from her his love for pure and holy things. The Sabbath to them was a bright and happy day; in the evening she gathered her children about her and together they repeated chapters of the Bible, hymns and the catechism. Henry's favorite hymn at this time was:

" Sweet is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing,
To show thy love by morning light
And talk of all thy truth at night."

Even at this early day, the lovely traits of his character, afterwards so fully developed, were noticeable. He was the personification of childish unselfishness; no thought of himself ever seemed to enter his mind; a pleasure was never perfect unless he could share it with others; when he read a book his first thought was to lend it, that some one else might have the same enjoyment. His pleasure in a

game or an excursion was doubled if he could but have his little sister or one of his little friends with him.

His early mental training was conducted by his mother, and by her hand he was guided until fitted to enter the high school of Mauch Chunk. As a child and boy he was never a close student, but he was a keen observer of all passing around him. From his father he inherited a most retentive memory, a wonderful faculty for remembering not merely the names and faces of the persons he met, but the circumstances and interests connected with them. He took a genuine interest in all whom he knew, and it was that kind remembrance and quick sympathy which endeared him to so many. While yet a boy he became known to all in his native town. He was greatly interested in railroad matters, the shops of the Lehigh Valley road being situated in Mauch Chunk. He knew the railroad men not only by name, but could tell the names and numbers of the different engines, and the names of each individual "crew." As a train chanced to pass, he would wave his hand to the men in the cab, and salute them with some words of friendly greeting. He always retained a warm interest in the people of the town, notwithstanding the fact that he left it when little more than a boy.

CHAPTER II.

SCHOOL AND COLLEGE DAYS.

Henry Horace Webster was pre-eminently a mountain-boy. Born amidst the picturesque ranges of Pennsylvania, as he grew in years, he grew, in the pure air of the hills, strong and rugged in body and mind. Alert, active, energetic in temperament, his healthy and overflowing spirits exulted in his natural surroundings, and whether it was the gently flowing river, hard by his home, or the blue mountain peaks, seeming to meet the heavens in the distance, one and all seemed to elevate and incite him to high and pure living and thinking. He was familiar with every road, pass, or peak connected with these hills that surrounded his home. The wild flowers of the section were his special love. No dell was too dark or secluded and no nook too well hidden to keep from him the shy flowers growing therein. True to the earliest of his impulses, which led him to share each of his pleasures with others, he was never alone on any one of these mountain rambles, but was always accompanied by some one of his youthful friends. His most frequent companion was his youngest sister, who, with a favored girl friend, roamed with him over all the hills and valleys

surrounding Mauch Chunk. Many of the long, sunny, spring days were spent by this trio in gathering wild flowers, of which occupation Henry never seemed to tire. It was his keen eye which usually spied out a "patch" of flowers, or a particularly good bush of berries, and this only that his young companions might do the reaping. He loved flowers; they were all beautiful creations to him, even as a child. If, however, he had any partiality, it was for the arbutus and the wild laurel.

He entered the high school of his native town in his teens, fresh from his mother's careful teaching. From the very outset, his influence on the boys of the school was most marked. It has often been remarked that the result of the introduction of a bad boy into a school is to the injury, in a greater or lesser degree, of every boy being educated therein. The baneful influence of such a boy can not be estimated. The same fact holds true in regard to a thoroughly good, strong, healthy boy, with staunch principles and a high sense of honor. Boys are keen judges of their companions, and are quick to perceive whether such a one is a sneak and a hypocrite, or a thorough going believer in the principles which he professes. And down deep in their hearts, they often hold the strongest kind of an attachment for the boy who has the courage of his convictions. This was the case, particularly, with Henry Webster. His schoolmates found him a keen lover of sports, a good all-around player, and withal a thorough gentleman. He was the originator of all the fun worth

having, and entered into it himself with keen relish. He suffered no impurity, no profanity to have a place amongst them. His rule in this respect was autocratic—he simply would have none of it.

At this period of his life there were many wretched Irish cabins or rather hovels, situated not far from his house, the homes of the poor men who found work in and around the mines. They readily obtained employment, for which they were well paid, but owing to their intemperate habits, were usually in a most impoverished condition. The wives of these poor men were naturally careless and thriftless, and the little children ragged, dirty and often hungry. Henry Webster was too young to perceive the inconsistency of a government, which with one hand gave a license to self poison and then with the other formulated laws to punish the poor wretch who committed a crime when maddened with drink. He only saw the wretchedness and misery of these poor people and his kind heart bled for the innocent little children. Time and again he was moved to help them and he would have shared anything of his own with them in order to alleviate their distress. Often in returning from school or his sports, he would find some poor child, sitting outside the hovel of his parents, cold and hungry, yet afraid to enter and face a drunken father and mother. This spectacle always moved him deeply, and he would enter his home hot with indignation and with eyes filled with tears. Naturally a thoughtful boy, in view of such sad sights he early began to consider

the means of preventing such wretchedness. In his thirteenth year he became a member of a temperance society, or, as he expresses it, the Society of the Sons of Temperance. With the work of this body he was in most cordial sympathy and entered into it heart and soul. The influence of his work here had a most marked effect upon his life, deepening and broadening it, throwing him into fellowship with older minds and preparing him for the greater duties of the years to come. He continued an active worker for more than a year, and then, having mastered, thoroughly, its routine and plan of action, with his characteristic desire to share every good thing of his own, he organized a few of the boys of the town into a "section" of the society, giving it the name of the "Cadets of Temperance." Beginning with ten members, they set bravely to work to recruit, and so well did they succeed, that, in about a year's time, they had fifty-nine names enrolled. At its inception Henry Webster was elected presiding officer and later Worthy Archon, an office he held for several terms. To the work of this society, he gave up all his spare time; no detail was too small, no exertion too great for him, if only he could make the meetings attractive to the boys and hold them to their pledge. This was no easy matter, for in a town like Mauch Chunk, one half of whose inhabitants were rough miners, there would be many who would endeavor to thwart this tall, frank boy in his work, and strive to kill a society whose sole bond of union was hostility to the

saloon. Occasionally young roughs would come to the meetings, ostensibly to view the work, but in reality to disturb the audience. In his diary Henry Webster jots down a few brief words relating to these troubles. He finds, to his regret, that some of the members are only "dead branches," as he expresses it, and he goes on to say how much injury such ones do the whole body. Then, a little lower down on the page of his diary, we find him expressing the hope that "—— will be around tonight so as to nab some of the roughs," who came to the meeting only to create a disturbance. But, in spite of such discouragements, he went cheerfully on with his work. He devoted much of his time to drilling the "section," and putting them through certain military evolutions. The boys entered into this, evidently, with enthusiasm, for it was not long ere we find them grown so proficient in their marches and counter-marches, as to be in demand at parades and the like, not only in Mauch Chunk, but in neighboring towns. In glancing over his work among the cadets one cannot fail to be impressed with the earnestness of the boy, with his unwearied energy and devotion to the cause of the Master whom he served, and the conviction is forced upon us that his love was no ordinary love, that the Spirit of God dwelt in him in no slight degree. His delight in everything pertaining to his Master, his love for the Sabbath, for the preached Word, prove this, and whatsoever he found to do for his Master he did it with his might. He strove to grow, too,

in spiritual grace and to that end was constant in his attendance at church. He gave close attention to the preached Word and we find him keeping a careful record of the texts of the sermons heard by him. At this time young Webster was a strong, healthy boy of fourteen, fond of sports, entering into them with great zest, and yet all this energy and love of play was tempered by principle and consecrated to Christ.

The three succeeding years were spent by him in study at the high school of Mauch Chunk and in laboring to perfect the organization of the Cadets of Temperance. In the spring of 1870 he finished his course at the high school, and the following autumn entered a classical school at Princeton, N. J., preparatory to entering Princeton College.

In January, 1871, and while home on his Christmas holiday vacation, Henry Webster made a public profession of his faith in Christ, joining the Presbyterian church of Mauch Chunk, the church organized by his father, and under his care to the time of his death. He retained his membership in that church always, never removing his name from its roll, saying that no other church could be so dear to him as the one his father had ministered to for so many years. Then, too, he was fond of the Presbyterian form of service, its simplicity and solemnity suiting his ideas of worship. The history and doctrines of the church were especially dear to him and he became deeply interested in all the departments of its work, following with special pleas-

ure all its active and ever growing missionary operations. "Ah," he would often exclaim, after talking over its glorious history and present splendid advance, "Ah, it's the bonny kirk!" Yet, in spite of this strong love for the Presbyterian Church, he was never narrow, never bigoted, but, like his sainted father, while loyally and intelligently devoted to his church, was liberal and tolerant of the creeds of others.

At this period, the promises of his early days began to be redeemed and at seventeen years of age he was living a beautiful Christian life. He endeavored to realize the high ideal set before him by his Master and took for his daily text this verse, which he carefully marked in his Testament: "Wherefore also we make it our aim, whether at home or absent, to be well pleasing to Him," 2 Cor. v, 9. To this end his life became pre-eminently a life of prayer. Prayer with him was ever the "lovely habit of his soul," and even the smallest plan was made the subject of prayer ere it was undertaken. It is related of him that he never even made a call upon a friend without first spending a few moments in prayer. Even when at home he would often go from the family circle to his room for a few minutes, and return with his face shining from communion with God. The salvation of his friends was a matter very near to his heart, and he always had some one in whom he was particularly interested and for whom he made especial prayer. He was wont to talk with his Master freely and fully, calling his friends by

name, reciting the difficulties of their conversion and asking Him to remove these hindrances so that they might come to Him. He was happy in this his work for Christ, and in his own personal experience, his faith was strong, his hope clear and his love warm and ardent.

He completed his course in the preparatory school at Princeton and in the fall of 1872 entered the freshman class of the college. His first year, here, differed materially from the average "fresh," for his change was only in name and not in locality. He lacked that sense of helplessness and newness so apparent in the fourth class college student, for his two years course in the preparatory school had made him familiar with the town and the surroundings of Princeton and in a measure with the college and its buildings. He entered at once into the new order of things, took pains to make himself familiar with the details of his college work, settled himself in his quarters for four years' stay and then set about making the acquaintance of his classmates. His first year, as he states, passed quickly and pleasantly. He busies himself with his studies, keeps up a frequent communication with his home, and tells his family in his letters what a fine set of fellows he finds his classmates to be. Some of these letters to his family during his course at college have been preserved, fortunately, and they show us in a degree the life he led there. Thus in one written during his freshman year, true to his instinct to seek his Master's work first of all, he

tells us that he "finds no special religious interest in college at present, but the meetings are well attended and generally interesting." Toward the latter part of this letter he speaks of the "*Lit*," meaning the paper published by the students of the college. He says: "It has been unusually good this year, but it does not really fill the want felt. It is not very new to read the commencement news in the November number. It has 279 subscribers. Dr. Duryea of Brooklyn, N. Y., delivers lectures, or rather talks, to seminolees on music as a means of worship. He has been here twice and I have attended. Last night he said the hymns should not be chosen with reference to the text and thus sing the sermon over three times. I would like to see the hymns he uses and anxiously await the new hymn book. He does not believe much in Sunday school music and says the children learn hymns (?) and tunes there that can not be used elsewhere, i. e., in the church. They ought to sing the same hymns they do in the church (says Dr. D——)". It is evident from the tone of these lines that he did not agree with Dr. Duryea.

Henry returned from his summer vacation and began his sophomore year with a new relish. He was better pleased with it and its order of studies than he was with the freshman year. Letters which he wrote to his family at this time are most interesting. As they throw such a strong light on his life and manner of living, it seems best to insert them at this place. They are all to his family, beginning with his sister Martha:

26 NORTH COLLEGE,
Princeton, N. J., September 22, 1873.

MY DEAR SISTER:—

To you is addressed my first letter in sophomore year. I never was in better spirits. Our time is so differently arranged from freshman year, lectures are a new feature and we find them a very nice change from our old run of Latin, Greek and mathematics. The new fellows are splendid as far as I have met them. * * * The fresh class is very large and is composed of a fine set of fellows.

The cane spree came off last Thursday night. Duff, I and a host of others could find no one to fight with. Both Henry and Gregory took canes. White, the fellow who sits next to me, took three. Our class is so large that new chairs have had to be put in nearly all the recitation rooms. The weather has been grand all the time. I am writing this in haste as I wish to finish it before chapel. I was very glad Ma took a trip. If I had waited until Monday she would not have gotten it so soon. I do hope she will go to New York and on her way back stop here and see me. I would like Will [his brother] to bring the notes of Dr. Schanck on natural history and also Duff's notes. The former I can use and not take any; the latter will help me. They are both the first notes given to the sophomore class. I lent Mark that Greek book, but will send him a card to let Lizzie [his sister] have it. I am eating at a club on Witherspoon street. If

Lizzie or any of you want any of the books I have, let me know and I will send them by mail. * * *

Tuesday morning.

In all my haste I did not finish my letter in time. ——— fainted in the recitation room. His division ran down to Prof. Eddy and he came up, letting both divisions out without reciting. Mrs. McCosh came over with whisky in one hand and a pitcher of water in the other. I saw John afterwards; he said he had not felt well since he came back. Drs. Hall, Boardman and others will preach in the first church on Sunday evenings, beginning toward the close of the month. Gough lectures here on Wednesday, subject, "Lights and Shadows of London Life." During our cane spree, as the fellows were rolling in the streets and all the crowd was there, a drunken man drove through at a fearful rate. He turned around and went through again, being stoned by all who could get stones. He did it the third time and was almost killed. Taylor of our class was hit on the shoulder blade and had to go to bed. Mann, Philadelphia, was struck on the breast so that he had to go home, but is back now. Mackey, '76, was so used up that he had to be carried into a house near by, where he was treated in a good manner. A stone just glanced my arm. How do you like our new monogram? With many thanks for paper, card and letter, I remain,

Your brother,
HENRY.

A little later in the season he writes to his brother Richard, and after speaking of certain matters regarding the arrangement of his rooms, goes on to say:

“What a difference between freshman and sophomore years! One good feature is the lectures in Schanck and Hunt. I do very little night work. On Wednesdays we have no recitation before 11 o'clock and so no work on Tuesday evenings. Monday and Wednesday nights we poll Horace, which is very easy. Thursday, Greek history for Cameron. You remember at home I tried to find “Demos-thenes’ Select and Popular Orations.” It is the same book we used last year, but I cannot find mine anywhere. A fellow gave me an old one and I get along very well with it. How did you like Schanck in natural history? I like him very well. I sent word to Willie to bring C.’s notes, on him, when he came. No one seems to be settled to polling yet; the weather has been so delightful it is hard to stay in. Halsey of ’71 is the tutor of Latin. He is very popular and pleasant with our class. Van Dyke of ’72 is registrar. He and Halsey spot our class and the fresh. * * * I am glad to see Nast back on the *Harper’s Weekly* again. Some one told me the reason he left was that Curtis could not see Greeley so abused, and said either he or Nast must leave. Jacobus is second base on the University nine. We were to play the Atlantics, but the rain kept them. On Wednesday we beat the Chelsea’s, the Champion Amateurs of Brooklyn, by a score of 14 to

15 in eleven innings. The excitement toward the close was intense. * * * My dear brother, I am glad to say I don't miss you. I won't study too hard. I am reading in the Bible in course and looking up the references. I pray God to bless me in reading his Word. I always remember you in your field of labor and hope you may be abundantly blessed. I like to receive such letters as yours. Never be afraid to give me any advice. It is nearly dark; I must close. I expect a letter from home tonight and will not send this until Monday morning.

Your loving brother,

HENRY H. WEBSTER.

Early in 1874, the following year, he writes to his sister Lizzie:

January 15, 1874.

MY DEAR SISTER LIZZIE:—

This is your birthday and I now commence a letter to be finished as time will permit; but not to be so continued from day to day as to appear like extracts from a diary. I imagine your birthday was very much like today; the ground covered with snow and the wind blowing, every now and then, the loose snow from the more compact; but you do not remember and I only think this. At the lecture by J. T. Fields last night on "Fiction, and Some of Its Authors," I was very much pleased. He met George Eliot over twenty-five years ago, at a gentleman's house in London, when she was engaged in

translating some German works. He was told by the gentleman before he entered that Miss Evans was "homely and very quiet," but in conversation nothing of this was noticed. One of the pleasantest things, he says, is to call on her at the Sunday afternoon receptions. If he had gone to church, it seems to me it would have been better. He considers Scott fitted to all the mortal ages of man, and Cooper is read more abroad than at home. An edition has been published at Ispahan, in Persian, and he has seen monks in their quiet homes translating "The Pilot," etc. Oh, for a Pilot to bring into harbor my various thoughts, riding carelessly on every sea of imagination. Perhaps a little dinner would aid me. An hour has passed since dinner and still my thoughts are at sea or somewhere else. This hour has been very pleasantly passed in my room in company with ———. He was at a fine party in Trenton last night, where were two of the ——— and Miss ———. He asked me to walk down to Trenton tomorrow with him and see them, but I excused myself.

Now, as this letter is fast drawing to a close, I hope you will receive it in the same spirit as the one by which it has been prompted. Am very sorry to send such a poor letter to you whom Richard has so highly complimented.

With my very best wishes for your welfare and happiness, I am, dear sister,

Your loving brother,

HENRY.

To the same sister he writes a little later in the year:

MY DEAR LIZZIE:—

A few minutes before Hall will enable me to commence a letter. I have been looking for a letter from home all the week, but may receive one tomorrow. All thoughts of a letter last week were laid aside, until, unexpectedly, on Saturday evening, I received yours. The delightful spring weather of this week has had an end put to it by the snow. *
* * * This week marks an epoch in my life—the commencement of my first novel; it is “Uncle Tom’s Cabin,” and I am now somewhere in the nineties. It pleases me very much, although Eliza’s escape across the Ohio river on the floating ice rather staggers me, but when I have read more of this kind of literature I will be prepared for most any thing wonderful. You must excuse me for not giving you a subject [for an essay] as in the first place it is better for you to choose your own, and secondly, I have not had time to justify me in recommending you one. My valuable (?) assistance will be readily given. When those girls [his sister’s friends] see my sophomore year group, and some other pictures, they will open their eyes wider. As to their coming to Princeton, it would be first-rate, and I hope to have some of you come every year while I remain. You don’t know how glad I would be to see you or any friends around. When you

come, bring them along. You must write me about the supper [of which she spoke in a letter to him] in full, as no account has reached me, either by letter or by paper, and, by the way, what has become of the "*Democrat*" for last Saturday? I suppose one reason why you have not written is that you are all going to write at once and make a big letter. You will like one of those articles I sent to Willie, about our migratory birds, it is so prettily written. Five weeks from tonight I will be leaving, Easton bound, for home; in the meantime I will amuse myself polling up for examination and passing those "fiery ordeals." Mark wrote me a good long letter this week; it is beautifully written and well expressed; and now rings the bell for Hall. Good-night until tomorrow, when I will finish. Just in from Hall. It is after 12 o'clock. My fire was nearly out when I came in, and so sit up till it gets fully started; while you lie dreaming in your little low bed in the "front room," I while away the time in writing a very poor letter. Parke Goodwin has been chosen by the Clio's to deliver the address in June. Some fellows to amuse themselves, not long ago, kept firing with a rifle at the bell on the top of North College steeple; they are now on a visit to their respective homes. It is rumored that Nast will lecture here soon; I hope it is true. At this point, as my thoughts fail, my fire burns; the coal is on. Good-night again. Love to all.

HENRY H. WEBSTER.

Very soon after the beginning of Henry's junior year, it became evident that a deep religious feeling was awakening amongst the people and students of Princeton. Henry was greatly interested, and in a beautiful letter to his mother describes the first movements of that which proved to be a great revival.

PRINCETON, N. J., November 14, 1874.

MY VERY DEAR MOTHER:—

It has been my custom, how good it is I will not say, in writing a letter to jot down the ideas as they come, and not with labored manner, to make a great ado about nothing.

So whenever I fail to express myself fully you will understand that I am sincere in what I do say.

For the first time since I have been here I did not receive a letter from home on my birthday. Will kindly remembered me. But I was amply repaid for my waiting when I was handed your letter last night, also Maggie's. I do regret that you have written so few letters to me since I have been away. One likes to hear very often from the person whom he loves the best. But I know too well that it has been impossible for you to write. I have not written home for some time and so items of interest have accumulated.

You will be glad to hear of a deep religious interest in college and seminary spreading through the town. The Christians have been stirred up and the

unconverted have been awakened. But as yet it is a revival of Christians—just where a revival should begin. For my own part, I know I have been blessed. I really feel it; and were I to analyze my feelings and heart's desires, the result would be a longing for a nearer relation to my Savior and a deeper consecration. I have not written this sentence with any sense of pride, but I know it to be the truth. And can I ever thank you for your faith and unceasing prayer for me, my dear mother? God has answered your prayers and I thank him daily for such a mother. And would you know the cause of this reviving in my heart and of so many others? On Tuesday evening a week ago, Henry Moorhouse, an evangelist from England, who has been associated with Messrs. Moody and Sankey in Scotland and elsewhere, preached in the Second church. Next night I went with Taylor and took a front seat. In the pulpit sat a rather young-looking man—nervous, I thought, from the way he turned his eyes. Very bright eyes and of a very pleasant countenance.

When he began, every one listened. He went right along, using the best illustrations, so apt and simple, and mostly from his own experience. He spoke to full houses all the week, and on Sunday evening, at the First church, after a sermon by Mr. Nichols, '56, he spoke his farewell. I felt like losing a friend when he went away.

At the Second church in the afternoon, after he had spoken on, "Now we are ambassadors," etc., Taylor of

'73, now in the seminary, got up and said he wanted the prayers of the people, that he might be more consecrated to Christ. Mr. Moorhouse arose and asked all who desired to re-consecrate themselves to Jesus, to rise. It seemed as though the entire audience rose. I can give you no idea of the man or his preaching in a letter, and am ashamed of the poor account already given. When I come home I may be able to do him justice. Speaking on the Prodigal Son, in chapel, Thursday evening, he came to the verse where this is found, "and ran"—he said if you search the Bible through, no where is God found to be in a hurry—except here, where it is to save a sinner. His insight into the Scriptures is nothing less than wonderful—every one liked him. I heard no one say anything against him, but all in favor. He really, I believe, won souls to Christ. As yet the interest is more especially confined to Christians—I know of one who has decided for Christ. Very interesting union meetings of college, seminary and town were held in the Second church this week. Our Sunday evening class prayer meeting clearly showed that the truth had not fallen on stony ground.

We are praying for an outpouring of the Spirit, and hope to have a revival this year. I leave this subject with reluctance. Do not forget me in your prayers, nor the many here who are out of Christ. As I read the Ninety-second Psalm, every Sabbath, I love to think of you in connection with this verse: "Those that be planted in the house of the Lord shall flourish in the courts of our God."

I often think of you and all the others and you do not know how happy it makes one feel to think that you are all praying for me. Can I ever prove recreant to the prayers offered, the examples of my entire family and the good wishes for me and hopes expressed? God forbid, and by His grace, I will not. You speak of a profession or calling. Next in importance to a mistake about one's spiritual interests, comes an unhappy marriage, or a wrong choice of profession. I have thought as much of medicine as anything, but very little even on it. I pray to be guided aright.

On Tuesday evening Henry Lyman and I took tea, agreeable to an invitation, at Miss ——'s and a real nice time we had. You used to shock (?) me (Just here a friend came in and I stopped until Monday; I will introduce him to you further on) by asking us when we went out to tea what we had to eat. Well, we had stewed oysters—very good, coffee and cakes. Everything was very nice and I feel like going again. She asked us to come any time. The sweet face of John Breckinridge, as seen in his picture in the seminary library, has quite struck me. As you know all about him I hope you will tell me all about him when I come home.

Lewis Cook is very nice, I see him often. I stopped at Mr. ——'s to tell of Mrs. ——'s death on Wednesday evening. I did not know she was dead until Monday evening. I sent word to them that she was dying on Sunday. Mr. —— immediately

telegraphed his sympathy and wrote a letter to Mrs. —, and by the time I got there he had received a reply from Mrs. ——. What a terrible blow it will be for her mother!

I feel quite at home at Mr. C's; they are very cordial; he speaks often of you. How sorry I am to hear of Teedy being away from home. I think it a real shame. I now take pleasure in introducing to you my friend Macfarlane of Towanda. He is in the fresh class. I find him very companionable. We went out on Saturday to see Col. McDaniel's horses and we were delighted. I think as much of them as though they were my own. In a few days he will receive some colts from Kentucky: one of them is a full brother to Harry Bassett, for which the Colonel paid \$4,700, while he only paid \$315 for Harry.

And here I allude to a matter made known to you first. I claim no honor and pray God to make me humble. After prayer meeting I talked to W., brother of J., about becoming a Christian. He said he wanted to be one. So we prayed together in my room and then and there he gave himself to Christ. I had been praying for him, not as I should; and I trust that it was not I that spoke, but the Holy Spirit through me. There are many now deciding for Christ. When we were talking about rooms, you said in a single room one could lock his door and pray to God when he chose. I little thought then that I would find such a pleasure in so doing. But such has been the case. At such times as this

we need to be in constant prayer. Such a fine fall I never knew. I am very glad you have availed yourself of the pleasant days. It hardly seems possible that I am twenty-one—I feel just as I did years ago. As I look in the glass I say, Twenty-one, yes, every bit of it, yet it does not seem so. How thankful I am that you have been spared so long to us all and hope and pray that you may be long with us. You have my very best wishes.

Luther is so kind and thoughtful in writing and sending papers to me.

This letter has been written in haste and as I draw to a close the momentum must be increased as it nears mail closing. It sounds good to hear you say you miss me. I expect to make it pretty lively—especially with Lizzie, who has not written once.

With my love to all and asking you all to remember me and the college in your prayers, I am,

Your loving son

Nov. 16, 1874.

HENRY HORACE WEBSTER.

No one who reads these letters can fail to be struck with their directness, naturalness and honesty. His heart is laid bare for his mother's gaze, with all the candor of a little child. He wants her to know how much he owes to her for her guidance and teaching all through childhood and youth and what an inexpressible joy to him this same teaching has been in his daily communion with the Master.

The effect of this revival, amongst the Christians, of which he speaks in the foregoing letter, was to

quicken his own spiritual energies and lead him to greater exertion. During the Christmas vacation which he spent at his home in Mauch Chunk, Pa., he used all his endeavors to stir the religious part of the community to life and action. As his holiday season drew to a close, he used every opportunity to prosecute the work of saving souls, and I find the following entries in his diary:—

“Went to see T—— and then up to Round House, to see M——; came down together. Talked some to him about giving himself to Jesus. Said he would think about it. Went to T—— for same purpose, but had not courage to speak to him about his soul! The room was full at the meeting—I prayed. Many more than were expected went into study, and of these nineteen were admitted [to the church]. D—— went in. Some for whom I prayed went in. M—— did not—urged him after the meeting to put off no longer.”

The next day he started to return for his second term, sophomore year, at college, but ere he left, “went to say good-bye to D——, and T——, and then asked him to decide on this question” [his salvation]. We can well imagine how tenderly Henry would plead with him and how sorrowful he must have been when M—— put off, once again, the important decision.

There were others, too, whom he bore on his heart, to whom he had spoken when at his home about their salvation, and to whom he was compelled to write, as he could not go to them.

Three days after his return to college he makes this entry in his diary: "Hurried up German, so as to write a letter to M——, eight pages—urging him to come to Christ now." The following week he received a reply to this appeal, "Which left me," as he expresses it, "in some doubts as to his condition." In the prosecution of this work, the bringing of young men to Christ, he exercised the utmost delicacy, never presenting the matter unless reasonably sure of his ground. His method of procedure and manner of introducing this great question is most admirably illustrated by Mr. Jas. R. Macfarlane, a former college friend of Henry Webster's, and now a lawyer of Pittsburgh, Pa. At the time of the inception of this memorial volume Mr. Macfarlane was asked, among others, to give his recollections of his late friend. He most cheerfully acquiesced, and in the following letter presents a picture of his college life and Christian work among his college mates:—

PITTSBURGH, Pa., January 5, 1892.

MY DEAR MR. VAN VLECK:—

My acquaintance with Henry H. Webster began in the fall of 1874 in Princeton College, when he was a junior and I a freshman. I supposed that our introduction was casual, until I learned afterwards that he had made inquiries about me and had sought it, and when he, in a few days, proposed a walk into the country, called at my room and

showed me the attention, so grateful to a home-sick lower classman, I saw that he was anxious to help me start right in college life. And yet, not until I had shown that I was willing to talk to him on any subject, did he speak of personal religious matters, although I very soon saw where his heart was fixed.

At this date, it is difficult to recall special incidents in a life so gentle and unobtrusive as his was during the two years I knew him at college, but my recollection of his chief characteristics is very distinct.

One of the first things I noticed was his frank, friendly manner, and that he had friends among all kinds of young men, both Christians and those who were reputed to be of the "fast set." He made it his business to become acquainted with the new men, and more than one of them was aided by his counsel, and felt the influence of his character.

There was never any change in his methods of Christian work, so far as I observed, but there was a development so pronounced that it will be of value to others to trace it, even though imperfectly.

I never knew him, while in Princeton, to speak to anyone about his soul's welfare until he had gained his friendship. Zealous, though he was, it was not easy for him to break through the reserve that many have on such subjects. Experience later taught him that this reserve is often more apparent than real. He was not a fluent talker, yet his intense interest in every subject and in the one with whom he talked, gave force to all he said. Neither

was it easy for him to speak in public. His classmates may remember his speaking in class prayer meetings, but I do not recall ever hearing him in the general college gatherings. He did pray in those meetings and always took part in all the exercises. During the great revival in his senior year, when the prayer meeting room was crowded, others, more ready in speech, addressed the audience, but Henry stood by the door, directed people to seats, gave them hymn books, made them feel welcome, and, when the meeting was over, let no opportunity slip for a talk with all whom he could reach.

I never saw anyone happier than he was at that time, and, as one after another of his friends declared his purpose to follow the Master, his expressions of delight were boyish in their enthusiasm. The friendships made before, then gave him a wonderful hold, and he took advantage of it, and there was not a busier boy in the college.

So much was I impressed by his backwardness about speaking in public, that, when I found him in after years in the habit of addressing large gatherings, I expressed my surprise to him. With a laugh, he said that he had found that he could talk. As his influence extended and his work took him among large numbers of men, he spoke to them in the same simple, earnest way in which he had before talked with individuals. and hundreds who have felt the power of his words would be surprised to know that he ever had any hesitancy about making a public address.

In all his work he was prepared by thought and prayer. He was a good Bible student and I know personally that he daily read the Book which was to him indeed "a lamp to his feet."

Of his personal feelings and experiences he seldom spake, both, I believe, from modesty and from the character of his religion, which was positive and active, not alone a matter of feeling, yet his friends obtained glimpses of his spiritual exaltation that revealed the richness of his experience. Outspoken in his opinions of right and wrong, and sometimes expressing his sorrow for the course of some of the college boys, he never condemned; his rule of life was for himself. Like others with strong likes, he had strong dislikes, but shown through a charitable atmosphere. He has expressed his regret to me for saying things that seemed to me to be mild and beyond criticism. He was so good a judge of men that this self-restraint was noticeable.

I have referred to his interest in all subjects. There was not a boy in college who entered more thoroughly into the life of the place. He talked of the games, as if there was nothing more important. He knew the points in them all, played a fair game of baseball, watched the standing of the men and the teams, and he won many a young man's attention in after years, by his interest in topics that he found were live to him.

He was a conscientious student, with a good standing in his class, although he never worked for high rank.

He told me early in our acquaintance that he did not expect to enter the ministry. Those who knew him will agree with me that his motives were most conscientious, and that as a layman his entire consecration, with the blessing of God, made him, so far as we can see, more useful than in the pulpit.

Wishing that I could do justice to the memory of one who was an inspiration and help to me, who has joined with me in my joys and sorrowed with me in my grief, and the thoughts of whom will always be precious, I am,

Faithfully yours,

JAMES R. MACFARLANE.

The religious awakening, in Princeton, of which Henry Webster speaks in his letter to his mother, seems to have affected, at that time, only Christians, and it was not until the beginning of his last year in college, that it spread, grew, and swept over the whole town and college, taking in all in its glorious course.

Early in the spring of 1875, he wrote one of his cheery letters to his "biggest sister," as he calls her. In it he gives a general account of his life, and his description of his religious reading is excellent and most characteristic.

PRINCETON, N. J., March 1, 1875.

MY DEAR SISTER LIZZIE:—

Without giving you the state of the weather, I

merely call your attention to the date of this letter, and the protest suggested. I hope in this letter to make a reply to yours, Ma's and Willie's, and hope all will be satisfied.

* * * The winter has been unusually brilliant here, in the way of parties. Mr. Hains invited the whole fresh class to his house—about thirty or forty were there. Mrs. Guyot has given several; Dr. Green, one; Mrs. Packard, one; and several others have given entertainments. One fellow was at five or six one week. As yet I am untouched, and hope to be unnoticed—not sour grapes, by any means, but I really do not care about going into company here. But wait until I am invited.

Dr. McCosh gave the seniors a reception some time ago, and last week the scientifics were at his house, and a few others—among them Henry, who has become quite a ladies' man, as they say. From what I learn, the parties are conducted on the somewhat ancient plan of no dancing, but of making yourself generally agreeable. At Dr. McCosh's, as they were standing round the refreshments, there was a long pause, and one young gentleman, supposing all were waiting for some one to break the ice, boldly made for the chicken salad, and was about to help his comrade, as somebody would say, when he heard a loud rapping on the table, immediately followed by grace being asked by Dr. McCosh. * * *

Some time ago a fellow said to me, he did not like to go into the college library, because he saw

so many books he would like to read and could not. I was a stranger, for a long time, to this feeling, but I do tell you that I have had quite an interest awakened in me to read.

Saturday I finished Parkman's "Old Regime in Canada." The first part is intensely interesting—the transition period, and especially one chapter on the Holy Wars, telling of the heroic exploits, and another on the heroes of Long Saut:—how a handful, about twenty, held in check more than five hundred Indians, and so used them up, that they fell back for reinforcements, and not until a new force of seven hundred Indians were added did these brave fellows give up. Nor did they give up, but were cut in pieces, one by one.

The latter part, about the government, ecclesiastical and civil, is not so interesting. Will bring it, if agreeable, but will try to get his "Discovery of the Great West." Would you believe, I finished in about a week the first volume of "Forsyth's Life of Cicero"—360 pages. And what a book! I was really delighted with it. A very pleasant thing it is to read the life of a man, who lived so long ago, told in a manner as if it were of our day. I have commenced to read the second volume which gives promise of excelling the first in interest.

Dr. McDuff's "Words of Jesus" has so pleased me that I look eagerly for anything from his pen. And you can not tell how glad I was to find one of his books some time in the Philadelphian library, called "The Hart and the Waterbrooks," an expo-

sition of the Forty-second Psalm. When I commenced to read it, one Sunday, I could hardly lay it aside. A day or so after, I took it up and would have read it on and on, but thought that I would keep it until Sabbath, when I could not always have such good reading. For beauty of language and imagery I have never seen its equal, and at the same time it is devotional, practical, and in a certain sense didactic. You may be sure I will bring it.

March 3. We had a good time on Washington's birthday—a holiday all day. I went down to bring Miss——— to the exercises, and then it was I had my first carriage ride in Princeton. —— is a very good-looking girl, every bit of a lady, and quite agreeable.

I found out the other day that Macfarlane was once a cadet. In Brockett, most of the last few weeks have been devoted to steam engines, especially the theory of them. Now, before entering upon the subject, practically, the professor has seen fit to draw our attention to it more closely by giving several stereopticon views of the engines of the ancients, especially of the Egyptians. The device of the priests of Isis, to have a flow of water and wine to impose upon the people, was none other than a kind of engine called in the picture—double acting idolatrous engine. I hope before he finishes his exhibitions he will show us an engine of today. Do you know I long to see a fine locomotive like the Weatherly shops turn out? Here we have an old dingy looking thing called an engine, and this

is all I see, unless I go out to the main line, where the engines are not much neater.

Today I received a ten-page letter from —— in reply to one of mine, eight pages in length; for I am too stingy to send less than eight pages in a letter.

"Annette," the novel I wrote about, is attributed to many. It is generally placed to Lottie Shields, as the name given, Charlotte Walsingham, is the name of a character which she played here in a private theatrical some time since. She disclaims it. ——'s letter of yesterday gives a full account of the accident, and their fortunate escape from injury. It was really remarkable. Some time ago I wrote to —— for the addresses on "Sumner." I sent on Monday and received it on Thursday, rather prompt.

Oh how many letters I have written this term, and with the exception of the last mentioned, they have contained eight pages.

How were the pictures you had taken when in Philadelphia? Does Ma intend to go to Baltimore this spring? I wish she would come here in fine weather. As I heard Dr. Hodge preach the other Sabbath, I wished she had been there. It was one of the best sermons I ever heard him preach. It was so plain, so earnest and a regular gospel sermon. So overcome was he, that to relieve himself he let his hand fall on the other once or twice, and then could hardly speak. We often hear speakers, especially at colleges, attempt to represent the sorrow or grief of the speech, but how far they fall from its desired end. But the Doctor's was not put

on, as he brought the tears to the eyes of some, and could hardly control his own. * * * Last Sabbath Dr. ——— preached his first sermon. It was just twenty-three minutes long, and we were out of chapel in a little over an hour. This has made him very popular, and an effort will be made to have him take the place of preacher to the university. Of course this effort will be on the part of the students. * * * I hoped to send you a well written letter, at least, taking no care of the expression, as I know in what contempt you hold my chirography. But on I must go if I wish to finish. Last night the Glee Club gave a concert. We were in no respect disappointed. There was a large house and every one seemed to be in good spirits. It is said, as Dr. ——— was meandering along the streets of New York, about the time King Kalakaua was in this country, that he was escorted to his hotel by the bootblacks, and kindred spirits of the streets, crying out, "Long live King K." He is said to have turned around once or twice and said, "Desist!" "Desist!" I will for the present and go to dinner.

Once more to the breach, kind friends! Time, nearly supper. Scene, Sky parlor of North College. Persons, The writer Solus, nominative case, masculine gender. This is not original, as you must know; it is according to ———, the gentleman who so kindly entertained us on the 22nd.

Please answer this question—Do you receive the *Christian at Work* when Luther is through with it?

Dear Little Will, how nice that was about the moon. The other night ——— came into ———'s room and asked him if he wanted to see him rouse up the whole college. Of course he did. So ——— put his head out of the window and called, fire, heads out, fight, etc. The freshmen responded cordially to the call, and came out, fully prepared with horns, and in a short time everything was in a commotion. Pistols, etc., were discharged, and when the joke was found out everything returned to its wonted quietness. Result: two young gentlemen of our class sent home on a short vacation. ——— told one of the fellows when he was up before the faculty that firing the pistol was as good as murder. Prof. ——— showed a great amount of knowledge when he thought the revolver went off seven times at once. This led ——— to inform him he knew nothing about war.

"As when the weary traveler, etc." So I survey my last page. It was my intention to make out sixteen pages—the longest letter I ever wrote, and it is becoming that it should go to my biggest sister. I hardly like to pass Willie's and Ma's letters by, unnoticed, but must ask their indulgence. Let it be eight for you, four for Ma, and the rest for Willie. My peroration is simple and brief. Write soon, be a good girl, and write often.

With my warmest love to Ma and the girls, Will and Richard, I am,

Your loving brother,
HENRY.

Junior year having closed, he returned, with a keen relish, to his loved ones at Mauch Chunk, Pa. He brought with him high spirits, great enjoyment of all out-door employments, and a strong desire to lead a higher, purer Christian life. Two extracts from his diary about this time show this clearer than aught else. On the 14th of August he says:

"Aug. 14. Clear. The Barnes, Duff and I went to the Pavilion at 8:30, then to Summit. At burning mine met Mr. Patterson, who has been in the employ of the company fifty years; he took us through the openings. He had charge when the mine was fired and also first opened; he was not sure whether the mine was fired maliciously or not. At his house he treated us to peaches and water. I had not been here since Aunt Susan's death. ——— is now Mrs. ——— and the mother of two children. I went down to the cellar to the old spring where I had often gone in days of yore. Everything wore a familiar air; we went through the old strawberry patch where in younger days I had eaten many berries. We went to No. 4. Saw the "ball pump" which, with its two plungers, throws out 290 gallons per stroke. Its working was new to me. Here I met a clever Scotchman named David Lanson, inside boss of No. 4; his kind offer to go down we had to refuse. He talked well and rapidly, and has seen mining in all shapes and countries. At 12:25 came down home, and enjoyed the ride down as though it were my first. Uncle Nathan Patterson does not agree with these geologists who believe

coal a vegetable formation, and supported his theory well. He was exceedingly polite and kind in going around with us. The Barnes left for Tamaqua at 2:15, N. V. R. R."

Again, on the 1st of September he makes the following entry:—

"Sept. 1. One year gone since I began this diary. A year of many changes. Many friends have died. I am spared. God make me grateful to Him for His mercies. Took the papers to Upper Mauch Chunk. Went to old Tunnel with Messrs. Amidon and O'Donnell; unexpected, I conducted the meeting and spoke without any preparation, on 'Behold, I stand at the door and knock.' Usual number present."



CHAPTER III.

PRINCETON'S GREAT REVIVAL OF 1876.

The first half of Henry Webster's last year at college, his senior year, seems to have passed without any occurrence of special note. He returned from his summer holidays and once again took up the thread of student life. His moral nature—as we see it reflected in his diary—seems to have broadened and deepened, and his purpose to serve his Master is renewed and intensified. His cheerful, sunny disposition is brighter, too, if that is possible, and we find him engaged in all the athletics of Princeton. He makes occasional mention of the religious interest among Christians, which it will be remembered started the former year. Occasionally, too, he states the fact, briefly, that he and his classmates are praying for an outpouring of the Holy Spirit on the college and town, and that the Master would come and guide them aright. With the close of the year (1875) came the examinations, and these required all his time in connection with his recitations. He speaks of himself, occasionally, in this connection, and in one instance tells us that he “did poorly; it was in me, but so crammed as not to be able to get out.” Again, he speaks of being “up” be-

fore one of the professors, and confesses to feeling "owly, and rather scared as to getting through, for I knew nothing of the last lectures, and all was in a confused state." He was unnecessarily anxious, though, for he tells us farther on in his diary, "did much better than I anticipated—but who knows how I did until the grades come?" His fears seem to have been groundless, however, and that he did well, we are sure, else he could not have gone home, shortly after, for his Christmas holidays, with such a light heart.

Early in 1876 he is back at Princeton, and for the last time as a student. A day or two after his arrival and as soon as he is partially settled, he writes to his oldest sister a long, cheery letter, descriptive of his life, at that time, in Princeton. It is brimful of fun and pleasantry, and yet, withal tender, loving, and like himself.

PRINCETON, N. J., January 18, 1876.

MY DEAR SISTER:—

Observe the date and receive my best wishes for you.

A lonely mortal indeed I was yesterday, all of the way from home to Philadelphia. As we glided along the Lehigh, I pushed forward, and what was before me but the back of a young girl, whom I knew must be nice and probably pretty. She sat in the seat near the rear of the car, and I pushed on to the foremost seat. After my brilliant charge to the

front, I looked around and could have wished to have been fortunate enough to have captured, not her, but a seat near her. This little charmer we must view from the top. To begin—a very black sealskin cap crowned her unusually well shaped head, but that which once warmed the happy inhabitant of the cold Arctic ocean and tried to sit on this girl's head as naturally as when it enclosed the body of the animal aforesaid, did not prevent, along the forehead, little bunches of hair exposing themselves to view. Like clusters of grapes hanging over the frame, they seemed—or more exactly, like doves flying to their windows. The forehead itself was a rare one. If those doves mentioned above had come and peeped over the forehead into the depth below, would they have seen the cold gray eye? Not any but black, very black ones, peered out like birdies from their nest. The face was very fair indeed, rather pale—the mouth was in keeping with the rest. Indeed, she reminded me of X—— Y——. The lovely face took all my thoughts away from the dress and other adornments. She was going to Easton, and I don't know how much farther, and I, alas, had a ticket via Philadelphia! When the car was uncoupled, and she went on, while I was left behind, I felt even more lonely than when first I saw her lovely self. Who was she! let Richard answer.

Wednesday morning. As Richard won't be present to answer, let us ask the conductor. He said they had gotten on at WilkesBarre and he thought

they were ——!! from Athens. When I write to Henry, who is now at Andover, I will know surely if it is a cousin. She was about 18 or 19; a lady older somewhat was with her. If Richard knew she was in WilkesBarre and was going on the train, why did he not tell me? Enough of this. Judge Packard was aboard and really devoured the *Enquirer*. The Central brought two passengers, or perhaps a few more. Some way down the road a man rushed through the car while the train was moving and went to the platform. Every one expected he would jump off, for they all looked out of the windows. And he did jump off—the train going at a good rate; he went sprawling and fell prone upon the ground and plowed it with his face. Some crazy things I have seen, but this was most insane. His wife, I suppose, had to be kept on the car; she seemed to be bound to get off. Nearer the city the sun brightened up things for us. Indeed it seemed as if the rays were emanating from the good center of Brotherly Love. The freshness of verdant green also brightened the scene. Kensington soon was exchanged for Trenton. I hurry—Don't tell Maggie, but that was a surprise to me when after enjoying to its full extent that jolly lunch, I reached to bring out some more, but alas there was none. I had eaten it on the N. P. and also on the P. R. R. So it could not be expected to last forever. * * * At last Princeton was gained and supper was the next topic. I hailed Gregory, who came in the afternoon train, and I got

supper at Hamilton's. Strange, isn't it! the woman who keeps the house is Mrs. Hubbard, with whom I first boarded more than five years ago and the waiter who was at the Refectory when I first went there just five years ago waited on me that night and at the same meal. This seems to be a movement in a cycle. As you are so largely interested in my welfare, especially the fare, pardon the details, as this letter is for all of you. Gregory being at Hamilton's is one good reason for my going there. All of my old crowd at Simpson's, some of whom I have eaten with since sophomore year, were at a new club, and were desirous that I should go with them. On an equality, I suppose the eating at both is, and my preference would be for my old crowd, except that my friends, I mean the more intimate ones, are balanced, or it may be overbalanced, by an indiscriminate collection of fellows from our class. At the new place we have no milk to drink, and as I do not drink coffee, I am rather the loser here compared with Simpson's. After a while I hope we will get milk. There are about fourteen of our fellows at the club. Everything is clean and the room wears a pleasant appearance, and the waiter is all one can desire. This may seem like a freshman's letter—let it be so—I want you to know how I am doing in this important department of life everywhere. In the evening Duff, Henry, Pope and I gathered as we had done this time in freshman year, and talked over everything. This meeting fully enlivened me and Pope too. If I had had to

have been by myself that evening I would have been blue, perhaps homesick—for I missed you awfully. * * * Awaiting me was a letter from ——— and ——— and an invitation to ——— for the 19th inst. The invitation I have accepted and will appear in my heavy suit and heavy boots; I don't care much about either appearance or entertainment. There will be about twelve gentlemen to one lady, and it will be rather an exciting time, especially for the lady—to be surrounded by this so great number of collegians. In the meanwhile I sigh with Mr. Shakespeare, "If 'twere done 'twere well it should be done quickly"—not taken from the original, however. Nothing but mud hereabouts.

Messrs. Moody and Sankey will not come, I am told. "The winter of our discontent" begins to be made glorious—Last evening Mr. DeCordova (pronounced De-Cord-ova) lectured on "Mrs. Grundy" to a good house. I did not get very well acquainted with the lady spoken of above—although I enjoyed the lecture. The lecture was really a story—a novel, told on the platform. The plot I should think was well laid, the story was told happily, and the characters drawn so as to be recognized. Aside—If I had only to criticize this, and not Mr. Morris' poetry, or answer the question should church property be taxed, or tell my worthy professor, in English, what I thought of the eloquence of Edmund Burke, 'twere well. Yet I am doing the first and must do one of the latter—and that on ten pages of legal

cap. Cordova himself was a burly sort of fellow—English, I should judge, from the free and easy way he is said to have sworn. He looked like Ben Butler and Bill Tweed.

This noon our class day elections came off in a most quiet manner, quite the reverse of former elections. There will be a fight over our present to the college. Some want to give a bust of Wither-
 spoon; but I don't believe it will be carried. * *

* The Colored Methodist church is to give a course of lectures—the first tonight. Subject, "The Inherent Moral Force in Society," by a colored seminole by the name of ———. Half the class by colored theologues and the rest by white seminoles—Rather warm, is it not? Time nor items permit me to finish this sheet.

With my love to you, my dear sister, and all of
 you, I am,

Your loving brother.

HAZY.

P. S. And I can't read it over, so excuse all errors.

HAZY.

Shortly after this letter was written, the first indications of the great revival began to be noticeable. Like all great movements of the Holy Spirit, it began in a small way, and among a few of the members of the senior class. Perhaps it were better to say that the second stage in the religious movement began to be noticed, for the year prior to this,

Christians, as we have seen, were greatly stirred. In this first manifestation of his Spirit, the Master had most undoubtedly been preparing his people in Princeton, for this his second coming, with greater power. Henry Webster's class seems to have been the first one visited, and with their vow (the vow of a number of seniors) to reconsecrate themselves to Christ and his work, the glorious season was begun.

He speaks of this, pointedly, and tells us in his diary that they: "Resolved—to have meeting of consecration on Wednesday night." At this meeting they each promised to "begin at once, and each man speak to his particular friend, concerning his soul's salvation." Each man seems to have gone out from that meeting and begun at once, he among them, for he tells us that he "wanted to talk with ——." In this he was frustrated, for two obstacles presented themselves; one in the refusal of —— to go with him, and the other in the demand of a classmate for Webster to go with him, and help him on some Latin. He was much chagrined over his first failure—after the meeting—and blames himself thus: "I was not anxious enough to follow him up. Will I pray for him and not speak? May Jesus help me to speak wisely to him." Not to follow this case too much in its details, it still may be interesting to know that he finally did speak with him and so abundantly were his efforts blessed that the friend came to the Savior.

A few days after this incident the outpouring of the Spirit, so long expected and earnestly looked

for, took place. In a card to his brother Richard, he tells him that "A great revival is in progress—we feel as if every man in college would be converted. The interest is deep. Nearly the whole junior class is revived, the sophomore next in interest—ours next. Philadelphia [Philadelphia Society] room so full as to bring in benches on Saturday evening. Remember us—and the writer. Tell ——— and ask him to remember ——— and ——— and F——— of ——— if you choose. Can't write more. H. H. W."

About the same date he records in his diary—"Chapel full to hear Mr. Harris from 'Come unto me.' Prayer meeting in the afternoon for whole college. Several rose saying that they had become Christians, or asking for prayers. ——— was not there though he said he would come, and on coming out I asked his father if ——— had been there. Yes, he said, with tears in his eyes and he rose among the first. I put after him and reached him at the gymnasium; all I could say was 'God bless you'—he could say nothing—he wept so. Well, there was joy over in North [college] and among the members of our prayer circle, who had been praying for him one year. Joyous crowd at our small meeting, new converts rose and one asked for prayers."

Again, on the next day, he makes the following entry: "Felt so happy I could not contain myself—I am a Christian because I trust Christ and it is all done. Afterwards, we had an informal prayer

meeting—one of the best I ever attended. Met Dr. ——— in ——— room. Talked freely with him on religious matters. Good prayer meeting. [The second they had had, in a short time]. ——— rose for prayers. Some of us went in X———'s room, 81 North. By accident, Z——— came in. We prayed with him and for him and besought him to become a Christian—he would say nothing—would not pray for himself. We could do nothing. Never was I so taught man's inability to save himself or have others save him before. For about two hours we were there, we could do nothing but pray. Finally Z——— went to his room. ——— in No. 101 was deciding the great question. Soon he decided and there was joy—we had waited to hear from him and Z——— as if we were waiting for election returns. Soon news came from Z———; he had fallen on his knees and given all up. Late to bed. Spoke to ——— in the afternoon. * * *

These extracts show how intense was the interest in the college, how eager were all Christians and how personal was the work of pointing souls to Christ. In the midst of his untiring work, he finds time to write two letters to his mother, letters in which his delight in the labor in which he is engaged shines out most brilliantly.

The first is a general description of the revival in Princeton, and the second, while it naturally overflows with the great outpouring of the Spirit, yet it is more of an endeavor to awaken Christians at his home in Mauch Chunk, and stir them to pray for a

revival in their midst. It is a splendid plea for earnest effort and rings out like a bugle note on the quiet air.

PRINCETON COLLEGE, February 8, 1876.

MY DEAREST MOTHER:—

Your whole-souled, loving and Christian mother-letter I read with pleasure last evening. We were mutually disappointed—you expecting more from me and I sooner from you.

I don't know where to begin and what to say—it is too wonderful to relate, I have been in—not conceit—the front of the movement, and have seen and heard so much as not to be able to discriminate or arrange in order. I say the above not from conceit but to let you know that I am keeping abreast of the movement, and know whereof I speak.

Every morning we hear of souls born again.

Dr. Cuyler spoke earnestly to a crowded chapel, numbers rose for prayers, our class held meetings after, in rooms—the one in Parmly's room was the time of the decision of three souls for Christ, one who had been a Universalist, and two fellows utterly indifferent.

On Thursday there were about fifty converts and as many reclaimed—now, eighty would be more exact for the number of conversions.

Our class hold meetings from room to room, unconverted ones are brought in the room, and as the new converts tell their joys, prayers are offered

and hymns sung—then any are requested to ask for prayers for themselves and friends—this leads some unconverted one to ask an interest, and then he is prayed for and worked with until he accepts Christ.

Four were converted in Beach's rooms on Wednesday last. It is providential, I believe, that I have not seen many of the fellows nor been with them when they decided, because I believe it has been a test of my faith. After such meetings we just sing Sankey's book through, and I get to bed after one. The meetings of the evangelists were crowded, and wonderful results have followed. Mr. Sankey sang nearly everything and we would join in the chorus. The whole college is thinking on the subject of religion, and a spirit of seriousness is pervading all—even in town. There are only ten, I'm told, unconverted in the fresh class, about thirty in ours. The papers gave rather exaggerated accounts, as to particulars, but in general they are correct. ——— is still in the dark, all of us are praying for him. Do you all. Last night a meeting was held in the Second church, and 'numbers of the new converts spoke for Jesus. Numbers in the audience rose for prayers. I never knew before this season how easy it is to become a Christian. I am learning now to trust in Jesus. I know I am being blessed. ——— and all the new converts are zealous, and humble. I can not doubt their genuine conversion.

I must stop now as we have ——— shortly. I have been so hurried in writing this that I am utterly disgusted. I hoped to get something in so

Richard might see it before he went to WilkesBarre. Will try to write a better letter soon. I just had a little time and could write nothing. Tell Mark what is going on here. Will you send Harry Price's address? Pray for me,

Your son,
HENRY.

PRINCETON COLLEGE, February 9, 1876.

MY DEAREST MOTHER:—

My object in writing this letter is to see if we can not have a revival at home. It has been my prayer for a long time, and though among the many objects of prayers, my own dear church has been neglected, yet it has never been forgotten. I yet hope and pray you all may have such a work of grace as was never witnessed in that whole region. And I am encouraged to write, in addition to the willingness of Jesus and the Spirit's readiness to bless, from the fact that a freshman told me that he had written to his home in the West, and told them of what wondrous things God had done for us here. He wrote before the work became so general, and, still more encouraging, he has received word that the church went to work and they are now enjoying a work there. Now I suppose all at home would like to have a revival. Surely not all are in the ark of safety—how many families are separated now on the great question—and if something is not done, will they not have the sorrow at least, of a divided

family in heaven. You all must long for a revival. Why can't the church be revived every year? It would be a strange world if nature were not revived after the winter.

At Cranbury they have a revival every year, or nearly every year—they had one last winter and are now having another—last Sabbath fifty-six were added to the church.

Stockton, near by, has a work of grace so regularly, that they hardly know what it is to be passed by—not hardly passed by in one sense; *we* let the Spirit pass by—*He* is willing—our part is not done.

I am unprepared to say how the two churches above mentioned carried on the work in their bounds, but I can tell you fully how it was done and is still being done in our midst. And if this letter is long, you will excuse me. I am in earnest about this. I am talking of the human side of the question, and any taking to ourselves of powers, words or phrases, not apparently correct, you will understand as being meant, what we can do by the blessing of the Holy Spirit.

I will not take up time telling of my sorrow and shame for doing nothing for souls and Christ when at home. If you say this is only a letter and if you were here you would not talk so—I hope that it may not be true. I long to come home and tell all how easy it is to become a Christian. However, if this letter has the effect of stirring any of you up to work, I shall be fully thankful and rejoiced

On Tuesday evening before the Day of Prayer, at

our prayer meeting, we resolved to hold on the next evening a consecration meeting, one of personal consecration to Christ and his work. Wednesday's meeting was full—we found the Spirit there, everything manifested this—the singing was something wonderful. Before we closed, it was suggested that all who would or were willing to speak to some one on the next day about Christ and his immortal soul, should rise. Before doing so, a few moments were spent in private prayer—then there rose up a mass of students, wonderfully suggestive of the exceeding great army of dry bones which stood up. What a power for Christ, said our leader, and with "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," the meeting closed. As I sit now and write, I cannot help but think of the many souls born again since then.

We Christians knew our duty and yet had not the courage to speak for Jesus, but here we had a vow resting upon us, which, if we could help, we did not wish to see unfulfilled. We felt that every one was going to speak and so our united purpose strengthened us.

We found our friends all waiting to be spoken with and thankful for the interest manifested. Many were aching to be spoken with and acted on the words spoken.

Now every man in college has been talked with personally, and now after two weeks we can only pray God for the salvation of souls—for only in a few cases is it advisable to speak. Nearly every

man in college who is still unconverted, is mentioned by name before the throne of grace constantly. And friends ask for prayers in their behalf at all the meetings; of course no names are mentioned here, at these general meetings.

The noon prayer meeting was full on Thursday—Dr. Taylor [of New York City] spoke like a man in earnest, and in the evening preached even more powerfully.

By this time we were getting well to our work—each meeting was followed up by personal work. Saturday night came and the Philadelphian room was filled to overflowing. Such a meeting in size and interest was not seen here for years. New converts rose and witnessed for Jesus. Backsliders asked for prayers. Christians asked for more consecration and a nearness to Jesus and that God would bless the words spoken by them to their friends—for earnestness, for constancy, prayers for unconverted friends. Those who desired to be Christians asked for prayers. I sat in the back part of the room and heard and saw everything. Now the room looked like a mighty forest laid low. Was that the noble army that stood up only a few days before? Yes, and they were gaining strength for new triumphs—it was a place of weeping, but they were mostly tears of joy.

Sabbath's morning sermon was a plain exposition of "Come unto Me"—just what we all seemed to want. Chapel never so full for this preacher as then.

Sabbath afternoon a general prayer meeting was held. New converts rose and spoke. Numbers rose for prayers.

The class meetings on Sunday and Monday evenings were full and lasted for over one hour and a half. Dr. Hodge spoke as only he can, on Tuesday evening—and good followed his words; five of our class were converted that evening. Dr. Cuyler spoke on Thursday and many rose for prayers after his remarks.

On Saturday the evangelists came and held five services, in town and chapel, 101 rose one night—sixty the next morning, students and town people, and nearly twenty rose in chapel. Of them nothing need be said by me.

Last evening the Philadelphian was so full that we had to bring in chairs, settees, and some sat on a table and on the window sills, while others stood; there were about 240 there.

Most of the speakers were new converts. Several rose for prayers—very few unconverted were there. On Monday evening, besides our regular meetings, there was one held in the Second church. Here our new converts witnessed for Jesus and stood up nobly for Him. About fifty rose for prayers, and many Christians reconsecrated themselves to Christ, and promised to speak to their friends about Jesus. What has been done in town I will say later. To-night we expect a monster meeting in the Philadelphian. So far the number of converts is seventy-nine. Fresh, all but thirteen, are Christians; new

converts, eighteen; sophomores seventeen, juniors twenty-six, seniors eighteen.

Mr. Moody came to us at the right time; we had worked for ten days and he could reach the indifferent, moralists and others, better than we.

February 10. More than three hundred were at the meeting Wednesday evening—only the new converts took part. I can't describe it. The converts now number nearly one hundred. One convert said: "Boys, I've taken up a new study; on it is written, 'Saved by the blood of Jesus.' You can't get 100 in it, but you don't get conditioned." This one had been given up by his mother, I believe, as too bad to do anything for—he was among the first converted. ——— said as he rose, "I feel as cold as marble, but a vision of an aged mother comes to me, one who is now praying for me. I want to be a Christian. Pray for me." After his conversion he said: "My hands are so numbed with sin and the cares of the world, that I can't hold on—but Jesus holds me."

——— said last night at the meeting that he had determined to steel himself against all impressions on the Day of Prayer; on that day he was somewhat affected. After sermon on Sabbath, some one in talking with him said: "All the university nine, except the fielders, are Christians, or are in." The thought struck him—"all the infielders are *in*—all the outfielders are *out*." As soon as he got home he surrendered himself to Jesus.

Personal efforts—endeavors and words, with the

blessing of God, have done this great work here, a work Dr. Atwater told me, a greater one he had not known here—he was at the meeting last evening. At our class meetings new converts rise and confess Christ and urge others to come—then any who wish to be prayed for rise. After the large class meetings we have gatherings of a few in the rooms of the fellows—when the converts tell their experience, the unconverted are led to think, and often to decide. Numbers have told me that these small meetings were the means of bringing them to the Savior.

Now what can be done at home? Can't you have a consecration meeting? It will surely bring you all nearer to Christ and do you good—then cannot the people be asked to rise and say they will speak to their unconverted friends about Jesus and his love for their immortal souls? By thus banding together each one will be strengthened in his purpose.

Tell the story. Moody said his greatest hope of this revival here was that so much personal work was done. In Philadelphia they accomplished little, until the people got to work and worked for individual souls—Nor did he expect anything in New York before Christians got to work. That's the secret we have found. We don't believe in our prayers if we will not follow them up. How many special prayers have been answered here this season I could not find time to tell.

February 11. Our meeting last evening was as full as before; not so much interest, as the meeting

was conducted by the faculty and the fellows did not feel the freedom of a class or student meeting.

I'm just from a class meeting—more and more do we see the power of prayer. ——— has not asked for prayers before; he said if the whole world came he would not until he were convinced. One fellow was at the meeting last night who had not been to a prayer meeting while in college for three years—he came a skeptic, he went away believing in the efficacy of prayer. I have wandered—Dr. Atwater said there was nothing like personal effort. A classmate said to him, “do come to the meeting”—that turned him toward spiritual things. We must follow up the ordinary means of grace by personal work.

Now, our congregation may not differ from others in many respects, but in this I think we fail. Last year's work of grace was wonderful; and it was wonderful in this, that so few did any work—how many besides Mr. Ferrier do you suppose spoke for Christ? Who spoke to me about my soul outside of my immediate family and relatives?—I can only remember Mr. Gaston.

Oh, we do fail in this—Gregory's father has never known what it is to be idle in this respect, since he became a Christian, which was before he was fifteen.

We pray that the Spirit may not pass us by, but we let the Spirit pass by. The blind men heard that it was Jesus that was passing by—some one must have told them. Jesus would have passed, we may

suppose, had He not heard that cry. So now we forget to tell our friends and those about that He is passing by, that He is near, but may soon be far from them.

Cannot the Christians of Mauch Chunk get to work for Jesus, not only have the armor on but keep it bright in the service? Had I not seen the work here I should have been surprised to hear of ——'s conversion. I can believe God in everything. I do believe; indeed I know that if Christians go to work, there will be a work of grace begun. God says prove me. Mr. Cree told us of the work in the inquiry room. I send you some passages. They will be useful for any of you—for much depends on our ability to point souls to Christ, and the way we do it.

Find what is the difficulty first.

If a backslider, turn to Jer. ii, 13, Two sins, verse 19. Wickedness, Jer. iii, 12, Hosea xiv, 4.

For one not under conviction, Rom. iii, 22.

Great sinners must be soothed, Is. i. Why scarlet? it is an indestructible color. It must be crimson blood for crimson sins.

False peace—not under conviction, Jer. vi. Time to come—Pharaoh's "Tomorrow." Ex. viii, 10.

Seek while He is near.

"Believe," John iii.

John v, 24. Ask one to read that and weigh the words—Hath everlasting life. When? Hath, if one believes; then ask if he believes he has everlasting life now.

Different words used, Receive, Come, Trust, Take, Rev. xxii:17.

Will you not see what can be done? Many doubt our sincerity, because we never tell them that they are lost unless they trust in Jesus. They say Christians would tell us we are lost and undone, if they believed it. Moody says that where one man reads the Bible, one hundred read us. We ought to be living epistles. See that something is done to bring down the blessing from the big cloud overhanging you; prayer is that which opens the door of mercy. If we pray, and do not look for an answer, nor work for that blessing, we cannot expect to receive it. In all probability I have not said or accomplished what I desired. A minister seems to me to be a commissioned officer in the army of the Lord. It was Moses who was to speak to the people to go forward. A minister unsupported by his people, is very much like a company listening to the officer talk and fully appreciating it, yet doing nothing. I believe there are many souls waiting and longing to be spoken with. A minister can not speak as effectively to one, as some personal friend can to his own friend. Run, speak to *this* young man; *this*, a particular one, to whom you can speak, who would not listen to me, or one to whom I could speak, and not you. I have spoken to my special friends here, and not to every one.

———, ——— and ——— are ones in whom I am interested. ——— might have some influence on the first two.

May the Lord revive his work at home in all the churches, and in your heart, and the hearts of all your children.

With my warmest love to you, my dear mother, sisters and brothers and friends, I am,

Your loving son,

HENRY H. WEBSTER.

That this letter did great good we are assured. It is true, it did not awaken the people as he had hoped and prayed, still it greatly stimulated his friends and paved the way for the earnest fruitful work among the railroad men, in which Henry and his friends engaged soon after his return from college.

The revival continued to hold the attention of the students long after the first intensity of its coming had passed away. Henry in his diary, some weeks after, speaks of the splendid meetings, and of the requests for prayers for friends, presented by those present. He continues: "How happy I am, 'No condemnation!' Really God is good to me. What shall I render to Him for all his mercies shown? My first verse in Daily Light was, 'What man is he that feareth the Lord? him shall He teach in the way that He shall choose.' I want God to choose for me in all things. Not my will but thine be done."

The results of this revival in Princeton were most satisfactory. Every man in the college was earn-

estly spoken to by his particular friend and urged to decide the important question. Think of it! A whole college bent on evangelistic work! And ere the senior year closed, but a few had refused to come out on the side of the Master. As the term drew to an end, his activity seemed to increase, he was everywhere and in everything. He grows somewhat sad, at times, as he thinks of the day fast approaching when pleasant ties will be sundered and old friendships broken, never, perhaps, to be renewed. About a month prior to commencement, he permits himself to put such sentiments in his diary. He says: "Schanck at 11., with him our lectures and recitations closed. I felt sad at the thought. How good God has been to me, in this four years' course. My verse today was, 'The Lord is good, a stronghold in the day of trouble.' I thanked Him and prayed Him to make me grateful. Wrote a line to Ma, to thank her for her kindness. Caught ball till 1:30. * * * Prep. service at Philadelphia Society. Dr. McCosh spoke admirably. 'I will meet you at the mercy seat.' (1) We talk with God, (2) He hears us, (3) He speaks to us, (4) We listen. * * * "

This feeling of regret seems to have pervaded the entire senior class and we find them drifting in and out of one another's rooms, walking and talking together, more than at any other time of their four years' course. Webster tells us of some of these pleasant times: "Singing on the campus. Walked with Henry [J. Bayard], said goodbye to Mr. Woods,

up in Martin's, Duff and maple sugar, Henry [J. Bayard] Jimmie and Pope. Woods set up sodas. Walk around triangle and singing, like old times. Pope and I sang some. Bed 11:45."

These pleasant, profitable college days at last came to a close and commencement day found Webster standing well up, in the grade of his class. Good-byes were said, promises of eternal friendships exchanged, as is usual in all commencements, and the class of '76 went its several ways.

On his departure from Princeton, he carried with him a little book, containing the autographs of the members of his class. Besides their names, some of his classmates had written beneath their autographs an expression of their regard for the owner of the book, one of which is worth mentioning. It may be said to be applicable, not only to Henry Webster's college days, but to his whole life. "If Webster," wrote this student friend of his, "If Webster would work with but half the zeal for his own interest, with which he works for the good of others, no human power could prevent him from becoming a great man." Shortly after the death of her son, Mrs. Webster received from a gentleman, who had been a lower classman, at Princeton, during Webster's senior year, the following letter:

"Your noble son was several classes ahead of me in college, so that I rather knew of him than knew him; but even had I not afterward become acquainted

with you and your family, had I never again seen him, he would have lingered in my memory as one of a band of devoted Christians, who were universally respected by their classmates for their unquestioned and admirable piety and whose influence was wholly for good. Could you have seen the quiet life of your son during those years among his fellow students, and understood the helpfulness of his example to many a young Christian, with whom perhaps he never exchanged a word, and whose name even, perhaps, he knew not, you would have daily offered special thanksgiving to God and magnified the Lord who did great things for you."

This tribute by a student who knew Webster but slightly when in college, and which testifies to his interest in those he did not know personally, is confirmed by a paper which Webster wrote almost a year after leaving college. The paper relates to one known only to him on account of his loneliness and isolation. In the early part of Henry Webster's senior year, one of the lower classmen died. He was a new student, in his fresh year and almost an entire stranger in the college. His family and friends lived at too great a distance, it seems, to reach him ere he passed away. As a consequence, he died among entire strangers and was buried in the "students' plot," at Princeton. Henry Webster's warm heart went out in sympathy, when he heard the case, to the poor stranger, and his lonely death made a great impression on him. The circumstances surrounding it he never forgot, and so strongly

did they impress themselves upon his mind, that a year afterward, he wrote a paper called, "Two Sabbaths in Princeton," the central thought of which is the lonely death of this freshman. The lesson he draws from this event and his description of scenery with its effect upon those present, are well worth reading. It has been thought best to insert it at this place, at the close of his college course, rather than a year later, when it was written.

TWO SABBATHS IN PRINCETON.

The leaden sky of the second Sabbath of October told what the day would be.

It was not one of those bright days when one feels like throwing open the windows of the soul and looking on the bright side of the world. The outlook was not cheering. On all sides decay and change were vividly stamped. The trees were parting slowly with their rich foliage—the low gales as they passed through the trees sang a requiem for the passing season. One by one the leaves which had long clung to the branch came fluttering down slowly and mingled with the others ready to decay.

To look out was only to make one look within. It seemed a funeral day of nature. Her garb was the varied colored leafage. But around, it was cold and gloomy. In thought and meditation would the eye be cast upon the ground, and the ear heard no sound of bird, only the rustling of leaves beneath.

The divine service was consonant with nature, and

when the minister announced his text, "We all do fade as a leaf," everyone was ready to say how fitting to the time. The hymns that were sung seemed pitched in a minor key. One of them grand and awful—"That day of wrath, that dreadful day," was sung with unusual impressiveness. The organ pealed them forth as a miserere. Everything spoke of man's mortality in clear certain tones not to be mistaken. We believe all mortal but ourselves, yet all with which we are connected teach a different lesson. But how vain man's teaching and that of nature without the light of revelation. To speak reverently, a death on that day would have seemed to be a complete conclusive argument to convince all that man at his best state is vanity.

Another week of college life had but half gone by. The merry hour of noon had come and with it the shout and laugh of the crowds as they rushed after the bounding ball. The ball had been driven near the goal and there the numbers were. Watching the other post a few players were standing. They are told of the death of a member of the newly entered class; only a few hear of his sudden departure. Few knew he was sick; fewer still were acquainted with him. He had come an entire stranger to college from one of the Eastern states, had lived in town away from the students. Only a month had passed since he entered college, and in that time when many make friendships that last through life, he was known to but few beyond those who sat near him in class.

Only a few days before, his father had been at his room, and then left him never to see him again. In his sickness, which was short, kind hands ministered to his wants. Letters and telegrams to his father failed to reach him or bring an answer. Far from home and those who loved him, with none at his side who were bound to him by ties of relationship—alone—he was not alone. He had long had for his friend the Friend of sinners—Jesus of Nazareth. Into his loving arms he fell asleep and the angels carried him into Abraham's bosom.

The college bell as it rang out the hour of seven, seemed to hush the wind which had wailed all the night long and ushered in a bright, clear, delightful Sabbath. The heart bounded with life, and the whole body kept time to the quick beating of that drum as it sent life and energy and joy marching through the frame. Far away, maybe forty miles, the eye rested upon hills raising their heads to reach the bending sky; and the whole gently sloping landscape between spoke of peace and quiet.

Look another way: More than eighty '79 men, their elastic, quick step changed into a slow, steady tread, are following their classmate's body into the chapel, while the tolling bell calls the whole college to their accustomed place of worship. The organ ceases. The services begin. Never before in the history of the classes present had a funeral taken place in the chapel. The preacher spoke of the resurrection and told of the hope of the departed.

His class preceded the body, the faculty and the classes in order composed the train. Very long was the procession. Few could expect such a number of good and great men to follow them to their resting-place.

Nor was the place of burial an ordinary one. Within that enclosure sleep the good and great of more than a century, men distinguished in arts, literature and in politics, eminent in all the learned professions, skilled in war, conspicuous in peace. Such were those lying there.

Sympathizing heaven marks that procession as it enters, and now, as it gathers around the open grave. There were classmates, there the old and the young; the man who has reached the height of learning, the youth just beginning the ascent.

Nearly always, one lacerated and bleeding heart follows in sorrow the dear dust to its last rest. Here was none. No father to mourn that the "staff on which he should lean was broken before those years of weakness came to him." No fond mother to be in anguish for her child, anguish which she only knows. Nor was there a sister, brother or friend of his childhood days. Sad, doubly sad. As the body was lowered into the grave, no one looked in only to fall back crushed and overcome by the thought of what hopes were there buried, how precious was the form now to be hid from sight. At this moment the trained voices of the Glee Club sang:—

'Asleep in Jesus; blessed sleep,'

That fitting night song for those who wake in a better world.

They buried him in the students' lot. There lie those who have died while in college and whose homes were far away. Hearts ache and grow heavy as one reads the inscriptions on the monuments reared by their classmates, how this one left his happy Southern home to find in the North a grave. Still others from different states came to this seat of learning, who before their college course was finished had come to the end of their journey.

Lonely sleepers in the old Princeton graveyard, let me think of you the sweet and comforting thought:—

Asleep in Jesus; far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
Securely shall thy ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high."

Two Sabbaths—how different—both teachers of the same lesson in the same school.

CHAPTER IV.

WORK AMONG THE RAILROAD MEN.

We would not go very wide of the truth, if we were to declare that the results of the revival in Princeton were felt all over the country. When the class of 1876, the class which had been the chief worker in the great movement, which brought into the fold so many of the unconverted, separated and went its several ways, it carried with it, in the hearts of its members, this intense desire to work for the Master, which had been a potent factor in the work in the college. Naturally, wherever a member of that class took up his abode, there would be felt his influence for Christ, and there would he be found working to save souls. That this was the case we know for a fact, for Henry Webster tells us in his diary of several of his classmates, who, while at home on their spring vacation, succeeded in awakening the working Christians of their individual church and through them, the others, and so until a revival was begun.

It was Webster's hope that this blessing might be accorded to his native town, Mauch Chunk, as we have seen in the letter to his mother, during the progress of the revival at Princeton. To bring

about this result, he worked and prayed all the latter half of his senior year.

It was during his visit home, in April, and while his mind was still intent on hopes of a revival, that his attention seems to have been called to the religious needs of the railroad men of his town. They had always interested him, as a class, and on frequent occasions he had spoken with those of them he knew well, on religious subjects. He saw that as a class they were non-church goers, and his plan was to start a meeting for men only, which would appeal to them, as railroad men. He decided that the speakers as far as possible should be drawn from among Christians at work on the railroads, whose shops and roundhouses were in the town, and that the topics for the prayer meeting should bear, as closely as possible, on railroad ideas. How well he succeeded in this we shall see farther on. His previous experience in Princeton stood him in good stead here and in a very few days after his resolution was taken he was able to begin his meetings. He tells us in his diary something of the start: "Met B——; said he would get names of good men to hold and speak at the meetings. He is a good, live Christian—takes his religion on his engine. Talked with C—— and D—— and B—— again as he came down (after his 'run' with his engine). * * * Saw Mr. ——, asked him to speak at the meeting. Prayer meeting. Told a little—fifteen minutes—about revival in Princeton, N. J. Large and good meeting." Again later on

we see how active he was obliged to be, how constantly on the go, in order to get these meetings started. For instance: "Saw B—— C——, an old engineer; he advised me to see some men at Packertown. After dinner, rode down on freight caboose to Packertown; saw some men, especially R—— of 739 Monmouth—another live man. He was to make arrangements at Lehighton for a meeting. Got on train and found J—— and T——. G—— met us at the depot. J—— and T—— spoke to a large meeting." Originally it was Webster's intention to hold these meetings in the roundhouse of the railroad, where the engines were laid up after their day's run. While negotiations were on foot, to this end, the "Diligent Hose," the local fire company, kindly offered the use of its building and Webster and his friends gladly accepted. From this time on, therefore, meetings were held in this place weekly, and at times when the interest seemed to warrant it, they were held nightly. Webster followed his old plan of personal work, and no opportunity was lost, when a favorable opening occurred, of presenting Christ's offer of salvation to these men, who were so constantly exposed to injuries and death on the railroad. He sought them out in the roundhouse, in the shops, on the train and in the freight caboose. He strove to win their confidences, to make them his friends and thus be able to present Christ and Him crucified.

It must be borne in mind, that all the time he was carrying on this active evangelistic work, he was,

also, busily engaged in an endeavor to locate himself in some sort of business. His mind does not seem to have been harrassed, by any fears as to his future, either. His faith in God's providence was so strong and his belief in his guidance so firm, that he went calmly on with the work, sure all would come out right and that a way would be opened in his own good time.

These meetings for the railroad men, were very dear to his heart and he worked untiringly to make them attractive to the men. He was always present and always endeavored to speak with some of the men at the close of the exercises. He mentions in his diary one or two such interviews, which are most interesting. At one of the meetings, he seems to have spoken to several, without having obtained a chance to speak with one, for whose welfare he was particularly anxious. After recounting some facts concerning the meeting he continues: "Went away after saying good-bye to all and had gone nearly to the street on which the graveyard is, when I thought I would go back and speak to X——. Called him out—he had not read the chapter—told him I was praying for him. He thanked me. Told him he had the privilege [of becoming a Christian] and urged him to act now. He said he would do something. Just then Y—— came out. He was very nearly killed on Friday, and we walked away together. He told me of his narrow escape and we soon got on religious subjects. He said he was praying for faith and strength. It seemed that

he needed to decide (he is one for whom we have prayed for some time), so I asked him if he would like to look at what the Bible said. Yes, he would. When to come to Christ? Whenever it suits you. Now, he said, it suits me. We went in—I prayed; then I asked what was the matter. He seemed to want to know what was the first thing to be done. He was in earnest and said if he began he wanted to be a whole Christian and not like those who get religion and then are as bad as before. Showed him some verses, about this, that he is accountable only for himself—then asked him what hindered him from accepting Christ. Nothing, he said, so he prayed and gave himself to Christ. I prayed and soon we parted.”

Later on we find him following up these men who have come out for Christ, watching over them, encouraging them and endeavoring to help them to keep in the straight path. He tells us that he “met A—— at the market house, had a talk with him urging him to make an honest effort for his salvation. Met B—— C—— just after, said he was discouraged—tried to encourage him and tell him the way. Met D—— E——, Sr., had a good talk with him—in real earnest about religion. Asked him to make one honest effort, he said he would.” But Webster does not trust to chance, in his meeting with the railroad men. As we have stated before, he sought them out, in their familiar haunts. He tells us in another place in his diary of a certain engineer about whom he is anxious. He missed one

chance to speak with him and now he endeavors to gain another. His second attempt is not so successful and he sadly records: "An opportunity gone can't be recalled; his engine had come [when Webster reached the roundhouse] and he gone home. From the bridge, saw boys playing at Coalport and so started hoping to see him [the engineer]; played ball awhile, and before I left he came out but did not have chance to speak with him."

He is somewhat troubled at his failure, but feels that there may be a good reason why he is not permitted to speak to this engineer, for he continues: "My experience lately has been that the Spirit is guiding me and teaching me for what and whom to pray. * * * Long talk with X—— Y——, who has lately given himself to Jesus. Spoke to him at meeting last Sabbath—not decided then—he spoke all the way through so humbly and determinately—nothing in him, but all in Christ."

For the welfare and progress of these meetings, Webster was willing to do anything, to undertake any task. He planned and labored and prayed and suffered nothing to discourage him. So as better to reach the men promptly and in good season, he edited, each week, a column in the local paper, entitled "Light on the Road," and devoted exclusively to topics for the prayer meetings to follow. To this list of topics, it was his habit to add some intelligence calculated to especially interest railroad men. This plan, begun at the inception of the meetings, was still carried on by him after he had

left his home and entered into business in New York City.

In the management and selection of these topics Webster developed a most happy faculty, and two of these topics which are inserted here show his plain, forcible way of treating this branch of his work.

LIGHT ON THE ROAD.

FOLLOW THOU ME. JOHN XXI, 52.

October 31, Friday. Thou art my helper and deliverer, Ps. xi, 17.

November 1, Saturday. Only take heed to thyself and keep thy soul diligently, Deut. iv, 9.

November 2, Sunday. He that winneth souls is wise, Prov. xi, 30.

November 3, Monday. Lord, all my desire is before thee, Ps. xxxviii, 9.

November 4, Tuesday. I am my beloved's and my beloved is mine, Song of Solomon, vi, 3.

November 5, Wednesday. Apply thine ear to the words of knowledge, Prov. xxiii, 12.

November 6, Thursday. His right hand doth embrace me, Song of Solomon, ii, 6.

Mr. J. E. Sutherland, better known to the public as "Bob Hart," the negro minstrel, led the railroad men's meeting last Sabbath week at the Grand Central depot, New York. He has recently been converted, and having given himself to the Lord, he is telling the glad news in the city and towns adjacent. For ten years he served on the Erie, Pennsylvania and New York Central railroads, being advanced from newsboy to fireman. He later joined a min-

strel troupe and soon became prominent, and commanded large salaries; all of which he has relinquished to engage in his present work.

It is pleasant to note that the attendance at the new rooms in the freight depot is much beyond expectation. A new attraction is a piano, the gift of the first vice-president of the N. Y. C. & H. R. R. Company.

Lately, a manager in the amusement line, in an Eastern city, was led to consider his ways. The place of his conversion was this city. Three men on their knees in prayer—no strange sight—who are they? One is the former minstrel; the other, until a few years, a hotel-keeper, together they are praying for this manager who kneels with them. When the manager prayed, he said, "Oh, God! I will work for you until I wear my nails off." He had not been in a church for twenty-seven years, had not opened a Bible in fifteen, and then only when sworn as a witness, he looked to see what book it was. He could not name the first book of the New Testament.

When such men are seen entering the kingdom, together with Hogan, the prize fighter, and Jerry McAuley, the river thief, and yet moral men, men who never harm any one, are refusing the invitation, we find that men have not changed much since it was said, "The publicans and the harlots go into the kingdom of God before you." Yes, to such the message of pardon, mercy and abundant grace is glad tidings,—good news, and blessed is the messenger.

Speaking of the good news reminds me of the great exposition Rev. James A. Spurgeon, brother of the great London preacher, gave, while in New York, on the passage, "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of Him," etc., Isaiah iii, 7. He said: "You remember that Jerusalem was situated on a hill, and that it was surrounded by mountains on all sides. Now, if an army was fighting beyond that mountain range, the first important news, whether of victory or defeat, would come by a messenger who would be visible on top of the mountain. To the anxious city, waiting tidings of its army, the appearance of a messenger on the sky line would be of intense interest. 'How does he come?' would be the question asked. Does he come slowly, with downcast face and weary gait, as if oppressed with his message? Or does he come joyously, with swift and eager steps, as if he could almost fly over the valley in his desire to bring in welcome tidings? Long before he reaches the city his pace tells what news he carries."

New York City.

W.

LIGHT ON THE ROAD.

YE ARE BOUGHT WITH A PRICE; THEREFORE GLORIFY GOD, 1 Cor. vi, 20.

August 15, Friday. I will be as the dew unto Israel, Hosea xiv, 5.

August 16, Saturday. Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord, Rom. xii, 11.

August 17, Sunday. Lay up his words in thine heart, Job xxii, 22.

August 18, Monday. Every man's work shall be made manifest, 1 Cor. iii, 13.

August 19, Tuesday. They shall trust in the name of the Lord, Zeph. iii, 12.

August 20, Wednesday. Of Him are ye in Christ Jesus, 1 Cor. i, 30.

August 21, Thursday. Purge out therefore the old leaven, 1 Cor. v, 7

THE CONDUCTOR'S HYMN.

Lead, kindly light! amid the encircling gloom,

Lead Thou me on;

The night is dark, and I am far from home,

Lead Thou me on;

Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see

The distant scene; one step enough for me.

I learned to love this hymn, as a conductor sang it over to me. The tune was written by one whom we both knew. The voice is silent in death, and the hand that wrote the music has since forgotten her cunning. While I was camping in the deep woods, far from postal and telegraphic communication, the conductor received the signal calling him away from earth. My feelings did not overcome me as I passed his office, for often in coming from the late train, the light was out, and he had gone home. The first impulse in the morning would have been to see him and tell of camp life, and plan for the next "pigeon roost." He was gone—yet everything was instinct with him—a step on the sidewalk—the engine bell, or whistle, brought the dear man back. My young heart was broken. I sat at home and cried all day. Towards evening—how often I had gone to meet him at his train—I

walked to his quiet resting place on the hillside. Tears failed me; nothing here made me think of him. Something seemed to tell me that he had entered the gates of that city of which the Lamb is the light thereof.

His picture is in my hand—the sun of life's morning had not come to midday—the artist was not careful to conceal the boyish vivacity of the eyes—the closed lips seem waiting the will's direction to open and flood the face with smiles. He was what college boys call popular—every one knew him, and as his train hurried by, the trackmen would look for a wave of his hand—a handshake pro tem. Those who greeted him were sure at parting to be laughing or put into good humor. He loved the hymn, and with appropriateness at his funeral, and that of his friend, this sweet song was sung.

Never does the hymn come to my notice but the years of intercourse seem yet unnumbered, and an inspiration is given me for faithful effort for my conductor's friends on the road.

It may be selfish—still often has been the wish that he had seen the interest taken in railroad men—with what spirit he would have entered into this work with his pleasant voice, his youthful and intense interest, and his power of attracting men.

Look one moment at the hymn. The lines quoted breathe the humble prayer of a weary pilgrim of night, that he may safely reach his home. Often the scream of the engine, louder than the storm that is raging, awakens us, and we think of the

faithful man at his post, and his crew ready for duty—we think, pity, and fall asleep.

Our hymn suggests one step in advance—pray that He, to whom the darkness and light are both alike, will lead them to the journey's end, and to those awaiting them. And it is a personal prayer, so fitted for men on "night runs." They know the need of a strong, bright headlight as they rush on the rails and dash into the darkness. Many of our railroad men do not pray—they have never put the golden key to the door of heaven. Ah, how shall they reach home and friends beyond! Prayer and personal effort for individuals will make you shine as the stars forever and ever among the Saints in light.

W.

These topics, which head the little chat, were taken by the men as they went out on their trains, in their caboose cars, and even tacked up in the cabs of the engines, so that they were widely distributed over the road. Announcements for special meetings were treated in the same way, almost always insuring a crowded room. As these meetings progressed Webster devised new ideas, in the shape of a topic or a card of invitation, calculated to attract the attention of the men. Thus, at one time he headed his list of topics "Train Orders," arranged in appropriate railroad terms, and with terse scriptural references. At another time, he added to the list of topics a lot of suggestions, most valu-

able to railroad men, denominated: "What to do Until the Doctor Comes." Another attractive device was an invitation card, the body of which was red (danger) on one side, and white (all right) on the reverse. Speaking of this particular card, one of his friends says: "I remember to have seen one of these cards in the cab of a locomotive which had come through a wreck on one of our railroads."

Song, or rather singing, was another of Webster's strongholds. He had learned when a boy at his mother's knee many of the beautiful old hymns with which all Christians are familiar. He had sung them over and over in the family circle until they had come to be a delight to his soul. When at Princeton and during the revival there he had learned the power of song to move and hold the unconverted, and as soon as his railroad meetings were started, he made singing one of the chief attractions. Frequently at these meetings it became necessary for him to start the tune and, as musicians express it, sustain the singing. At such times, he greatly deplored his lack of fine musical talent, yet, as one of the railroad men said of him, "He was always ready to make use of the measure of his ability as a singer, in witnessing for the Master and in helping others. Frequently he would bring to the meeting a new hymn, which had been blessed to himself, and ask us to join in the endeavor to learn it, and share with him the enjoyment and blessing."

Perhaps one of the strongest holds Webster had

on the railroad men, and which at the same time was an important factor in drawing them to the meetings, was his habit of calling them by their Christian or given names. Referring to this, one of his friends relates: "At the close of the meeting, Webster stationed himself near the door and always had a friendly handshake and cordial greeting for the men and boys, addressing each by a timely word, concerning himself or some person or thing in which he knew the person to be interested. * *

* He called them all by their correct names and would often speak of them or to them by their railroad nicknames, and once having met a man and conversed with him, he never forgot him. It is a matter of wonder how he carried in his mind a knowledge of the everyday affairs and surroundings of the different fellows. By this means, he reached the matter of personal salvation in the case of the unregenerate in the most easy and natural manner."

While engaged in the detail, which of necessity accompanied such a work as that among the railroad men, Webster still found time to look ahead and plan for a betterment of the incoming generation. To that end he took hold of the boys of the town. He saw in the boys of the railroad men, the railroad men of the future. He felt that to take them at an early stage and help them to "start right," he would be lightening their future burdens and making their lives better and higher. He organized, therefore, in connection with the men's meeting, a Bible class for the boys. As long as he

remained in Mauch Chunk, he personally prepared their lesson for each Sabbath and then heard them recite. Even after he removed, permanently, to New York City, he continued to prepare their lessons, hearing them recite on the occasion of his next visit.

The result of this work among railroad men was lasting, and its influence was felt over a large extent of country. From Texas, there came word to his friends of the conversion of a man, who, as a stranger, attended one of the railroad meetings in Mauch Chunk. From Mexico, of another who was led to Christ through reading an account of the meetings.

In 1887 Henry Webster left his home and began work in New York City. But, distance or absence was not suffered to lessen his influence, or cause him to relax his efforts in behalf of the railroad men's meeting. Speaking of this, a friend of his relates: "After he went to New York, this meeting was always on his heart. He prepared the 'Topics' for the year, secured speakers from a distance, wrote to the men when they were in joy or sorrow and kept up such an intercourse with them that when he came home to spend the Sabbath, he knew as much of their affairs as if he still lived among them." Another speaks of this work: "Even after his business connections took him to New York, he kept a firm hold upon the work among the railroad men in Mauch Chunk. Each week he was advised by postal, of the attendance at the Sabbath meet-

ings and other facts of interest. He used these cards in his own peculiar way in preparing the annual report, which was read each year, at the anniversary services." Again, this same friend says: "The announcement that Henry was to be at a railroad meeting, on a particular Sabbath, was always received with delight, and even the little boys—among whom he had many warm friends—have spoken to me of his presence in town, with their faces all aglow with pleasure. He would usually send cards to a number of railroad men before coming, telling them of his intended visit and inviting them to be at the meeting and then follow up the invitation, as far as possible, by a call. Then, on his arrival, he would start early for the meeting, so as to have time for this work and to visit the sick and aged on the way." Naturally, these meetings attracted the men, and it was no uncommon occurrence for men to walk four and five miles to attend when they learned that Henry Webster was to be present.

Mention has been made of Webster's constant thought of particular men and of his indisposition to permit either absence or distance to interfere with his communication with them. This fact is most beautifully illustrated in a brief paper on his life, written a short time after his death. In it the writer, a railroad man, says: "He never allowed his absence from town to end his interest in a fellow. If a man left for other parts, to engage in a new position, he was quite sure to get a line from

Henry, as soon as he learned of the change, expressing interest in the man, and wishing him success, and always directing him for aid, to the source of all help. I think, in all of the many letters I have received from him, he never omitted to accompany the subject matter with a helpful verse of Scripture. I shall never forget a letter written by him at the time of my departure from my home, to fill a position in a distant town. A new and a sorrowful experience to me, giving up, as I then thought, for good, my home associations. It was just the kind of a letter for a boy leaving all that was dear to him to enter upon new and untried duties, about to form new acquaintances and friendships. He seemed to have prepared that letter under divine inspiration and to have timed it so as to reach me when I most needed a word of counsel and cheer."

Numerous examples of a similar kind as the above could be given, if time and space permitted; those mentioned, however, suffice to show Webster's wonderful thoughtfulness and tender regard for all in whom he was in any way interested.

One of the most important of the results arising from the railroad men's meeting, was the organization of a Young Men's Christian Association in Mauch Chunk. Soon after Webster started these meetings, he took steps to interest his townsmen in the project, but without success, and for two years the meetings were carried on in a place kindly granted to them by the local hose company, and

without any form of organization. Early in 1878 a great change took place. At the second anniversary services a wonderful interest was developed, extending not only to the railroad men generally, but to the townspeople. Attention was aroused, the project received a fresh stimulus, and for a time it looked as if the association were to succeed in securing quarters of its own. But it proved to be only a spasm of public interest, and soon passed away.

For twelve years repeated efforts were made to arouse public interest in a building for the association, by Mr. Webster. Again and again he was disappointed, but in no wise disheartened. Finally, thanks to perseverance and trust in his Master, his efforts were successful. A committee of five was named, of which Webster was made chairman, and full power was given them to raise monies and arrange for the erection of a building. From the start, Webster seems to have succeeded in infusing this committee with his own strong faith and with an enthusiasm which nothing could withstand. Space fails me to relate the hard work done by that devoted band in their efforts to secure the necessary funds for the much coveted building. Night and day they worked and prayed, until in September, 1889, twelve years after the first efforts, they succeeded in securing a site, upon which was erected, two years later, a building used and owned by the Young Men's Christian Association of Mauch Chunk. To Henry H. Webster, therefore, belongs the honor of having brought to a successful conclu-

sion the long struggle to obtain a suitable building for the Young Men's Christian Association of his native town.

During the eighteen months which he spent in Mauch Chunk, subsequent to his graduation from Princeton College, in 1876, and prior to his departure to New York City, in the fall of 1877, his life was one of constant activity and usefulness. Speaking of this year and a half, one who was very near to him all the time, gives this remarkable testimony: "After his graduation Henry came home to rest some time before deciding upon a profession. With anyone else it could scarcely be called a resting time, for every moment was occupied. He entered heartily into the social life of the town, and was very active in a literary society which had recently been organized by some of his friends. His experience and enthusiasm contributed largely to the success and enjoyment of the society that year. He started gospel temperance meetings in several places and conducted at least one each week. A detachment of the United States army was stationed in Mauch Chunk at that time, and Henry took a great deal of interest in the soldiers. He talked to them, listened to their stories, and tried to influence them for good. At his invitation many of the men attended the temperance meetings and signed the pledge. Several also were converted at the railroad men's meeting.

"He was helpful in the church prayer meetings, young people's meetings, cottage prayer meetings,

and all religious work. He was superintendent of a Sabbath school at Coal Port, about two miles away from home; he also taught the men's Bible class there. Into all this work he entered with his characteristic energy and enthusiasm and carefully prepared himself for each meeting. Every moment of his Sabbath was occupied. Before morning service he would often walk about two miles and hold a prayer meeting in a village destitute of all church privileges, and then return in time for church. About 1 o'clock he started for his Sabbath school, and when that was over, he went over the hills to Upper Mauch Chunk to the railroad men's meeting. In the evening he would often go to Coal Port again, and lead a prayer meeting. Or if he stayed at home, he went to church, and took part in the meeting our pastor held after the service.

"He devoted much of his time to a thorough, careful study of God's Word, which was always very precious to him. His friends will remember his familiarity with the Bible, and the ease with which he could turn to the passage he wanted. His Bible always lay open on a table in his room, so that as he moved about he might glance at it and fix some precious truth in his memory.

"His journal and notes at that time show a rapid, constant growth in every Christian grace. I find such notes as these: 'My whole class for Jesus,' and then the name of each man; 'My whole Sunday school for Jesus,' etc. There are lists of names of those for whom he was praying and records of per-

sonal conversations when he urged them to come to Christ."

In reviewing an account of such work, such earnest, untiring, faithful labor for the Master, one is filled with admiration at the wonderful life lived by this truly Christian young man.



CHAPTER V.

WITH THE NEW YORK Y. M. C. A.

Somewhere about 1875 the Young Men's Christian Association began to feel the effect of an awakened popular interest in its work. Young men came to its building in numbers pleasant to contemplate and its membership roll swelled to agreeable proportions in consequence. To meet this increase in membership and mold it into material capable of doing effective Christian work, it became necessary for the association to assume a more aggressive tone; new lines of work were established, therefore, new ideas put into operation and a larger, fuller, grander sphere of usefulness was inaugurated.

The opening of these new lines of work entailed additional labor upon the secretary and his assistants and the doors of the big building at Twenty-third street and Fourth avenue frequently closed upon them long after midnight. It was not very long, therefore, ere it was discovered by the directors that more help was needed and that speedily, if the new impetus lately given to the work was to be continued. Our genial and warm-hearted friend, Robt. R. McBurney, the secretary of the New York association, was forthwith instructed to look about

him and secure as his chief associate and helper some young man on whom he could place reliance, and who would be capable of acting for him in his absence. Above all, he was to secure a young man whose social nature was well developed and who would be likely to appeal to and hold those coming to the association rooms.

Several months passed away and at the beginning of 1877, the association seemed no nearer securing the proper man than it had been at the start. Appearances, however, were deceptive, for the hour and the man were nearly at the point of joining.

Among those who were members of the association at this time, there was a young graduate of Princeton College, class of 1876, who was engaged in the study of medicine in the city. He was a frequent visitor at the rooms of the association, and like most of the members, was personally known to the secretary, Mr. McBurney. One evening, in the course of a short conversation, Mr. McBurney asked him if, among his acquaintances or friends he could "tell him of a young man, a college graduate, who would be willing to come as his assistant." Speaking of this period in Webster's life, a member of his family relates as follows: At once he [the young medical student] thought of Henry, remembering his activity in the Philadelphia society in college and knowing that he was engaged in association work in Mauch Chunk. Mr. McBurney at once wrote to him and asked him to come as his assistant, to try it, at least, for one month. The letter

was very vague and Henry had no idea what his duties would be, but it seemed best to accept the offer and go for the time specified, at least. You may remember that at that time, 1876-77, everything was very dull and there seemed to be no prospect of brighter times. Henry wrote to Mr. McBurney that he would try it, but could not come quite as soon as he requested. He was determined to spend his birthday, November 12, at home. Soon after that, probably about the middle of November, 1877, he went to New York."

Bidding farewell to home, friends and old associations, in response to the call, Webster came to New York, and began the performance of the duties of an association secretary in November, 1877. At first it was decidedly up-hill work, everything was new to him—methods, men and surroundings—and he found it somewhat difficult to adjust himself to circumstances. Besides all this, he found life in a great city decidedly different from that to which he had been accustomed. He missed the pure mountain air, the beautiful scenery of his late home, and the abundant outdoor exercise to which he had grown accustomed. The entire change in his mode of life, the hard work, and the absence of all his near relatives, worked a decided alteration in Webster's manner, for a time. He lost much of his vivacity, his cheerfulness waned, he grew shy and somewhat reserved and to some seemed like another man. As time passed, however, and he adjusted himself to his new condition of life, the

Webster of the new state was displaced, and the Webster of the old state, cheery, bright, sympathetic, active, earnest, returned in full force. He grew accustomed to his duties, enjoyed his work, and was, undoubtedly, of great use to the association, in holding the young men to their membership.

About this time, he writes to his sister one of his characteristic letters, a letter such as only he could write. In it we see his bright, happy disposition, his desire to help all within his reach, his devotion to duty, a devotion which soon after forced him to give up his secretaryship.

38 East Twenty-ninth street, New York.

MY DEAR SISTER:—

Doesn't it seem funny that I am in New York living a life so different from you at home, coming home at 10 o'clock, passing none whom I know, walking to the top of the house and seeing none to speak with, when I know there is a handful at home who would be only too glad to welcome me? I must have seemed dull when at home at Christmas—to tell the truth, poor old Haz felt miserable when he got back—he must have taken cold on his way home. However, he is all right tonight or he would not talk so much of himself. Mr. Leisenring's \$10, the books already received, and Mr. Goodwin's pass, have greatly encouraged me in the railroad work at home. The pass is signed by Mr.

R. H. Sayre and is for the whole road—anyhow from L. & B. to Perth Amboy and branches—gay!

My call on New Year's day, ahem! how could I get out of it?—cards were sent me by Miss ———. Resolved not to buy a coat; oh, no, but to make a call—bought a collar on my way to the office, expecting to go in the afternoon. Hardly at the rooms [association] before the table cloths for the Park Theater men were found to be too small. Mrs. ——— must be levied, and I offered to go—no gloves—minus the new collar. Asked for Mrs. ———; shown in parlor where I found Miss ———, who received me most kindly. Mrs. and Miss ——— appeared later and I had a nice call. The day with Mr. Sawyer's men was truly enjoyed by all, oh, it was nice. Sorry I can't give in detail my happy times. My "Uncle Tom" is awful nice; I am anxious to get it to you people, I know you will read it over again. Messrs. Morse & McB. have just gone to Washington to get President Hayes to speak at our anniversary.

Mr. ——— gave me a handsome necktie to be worn with a stand-up collar—he thinks such collars would become me. Mrs. ——— wanted the chair, so it went by express yesterday.

Thank Maggie for her note, thanks to all of you for the clothes. Ma's card this morning. You know how I would like to come; but a visit to Washington will spoil my chance. What a birthday letter this is, young 'un; sorry, but I am not ready with my items tonight. Am sorry I will not hear

Elsing speak tomorrow—it's my night off, but my boss is away. Of course I did not write for the prize at home.

I have for you a rather nice umbrella. I may, by Saturday's 1:15 Central, send some things—if I do, I will send a card before, and with bundle the umbrella. My wishes are not well defined for your birthday, but you know the best things are desired for you by your old brother,

My love to all.

HAZ.

Having mastered the details of the great work in which he was engaged, Webster entered heart and soul into its advancement. Very useful to him, at this time, was his past experience, both in college and his native town. His old methods of gaining a man's confidence, and so gradually leading him to a higher life, were used with telling effect in his new position.

The demands made upon the time and strength of a Young Men's Christian Association secretary, upon his cheerfulness, patience, tact, are very great. It has been a matter of wonder to many of us, how a man could stand so much work and yet keep mentally and physically well. In all this great amount of work Webster took a full part. He was never absent from his desk, and from early morning until late at night his hours were occupied with correspondence, the arrangement of the many minor details of association work, and in offering a cor-

dial, cheery welcome to the multitude of members and strangers that were continually coming and going, a work of no mean importance.

For two years and a few months Webster filled, most acceptably, the position of assistant secretary of the New York association. By this time, however, the fall of 1879, he began to show signs of the severe work he was performing. He grew thin, was easily fatigued, and lost much of his former elasticity. As was his custom, about Christmas time, he snatched a day or two from his duties, and ran down to visit his family. To those who had not seen him for a twelve months, his altered condition of health was most apparent, and they were greatly alarmed. They begged, implored him, to give up his secretaryship and return to his mountain home, there to regain health and strength. But Webster was deaf to all entreaties, at first, for he had grown to love his work, and was loth to give it up. A few more months passed, and then it became evident, even to himself, that his health and strength could not stand the strain to which he was subject, and so he reluctantly tendered his resignation. He tells us that he sorrowed greatly, at being forced to give up Young Men's Christian Association work, for good, as he thought. But it was not for good, as it afterwards proved, only the means taken by the Almighty to put him to better use in his work.

Just prior to Webster's resignation, a firm of business men, old friends of his father, had offered him a position of trust in one of their offices situated at

Elizabeth, N. J. Webster very gladly accepted the offer, and after a short period of rest, spent with his family, he went to Elizabeth, and commenced life as a business man. Here, as soon as he was settled in a boarding house, he began work as a helper in the Presbyterian church and Sunday school at Elizabethport, a suburb of the city. His life at this place was but a repetition of Mauch Chunk, of Princeton, of New York; he was instant in season and out of season, in presenting the call of his Master and striving to win souls to Him. Six months after his coming, however, his sojourn in Elizabeth came to an end. His employers transferred him to a more responsible and lucrative position in their principal New York City office, a position Webster held up to the time of his death.

Once again in New York City, after an absence of a little more than six months, Webster went at once to the association rooms and began that which was to be the greatest work of his life. His daily routine, begun at this time, and followed almost without deviation for nearly eleven years, seems to have been as follows: Up early, morning devotions, breakfast, and then to the association rooms for about an hour. He chose rooms near the association, on his return to the city, and always after, up to the time of his death, lived within a few blocks of the building. During this morning hour, spent at the association, he received and attended to his mail, which was large, welcomed early comers, and planned work which he wished to carry out, after busi-

ness hours, and in the evening. This much accomplished, he left for his office in which he was usually engaged until about half-past four. But, during these hours of secular work, he was not idle. He believed in carrying a man's religion into his every act of life, and he strove to show how this could be done and well done. He was earnest and devoted to the business of his employers, and no testimony received after his death speaks higher than that of those in whose interests he labored during the day. But, into this business life, at his desk, in the street, with employers, clerks and customers, he strove to inject the spirit of Christianity, and to influence them, at least, by his quiet example, to better and higher living. A trifling incident which came under the notice of the writer, will illustrate one of Webster's ways of using his influence for good. Having occasion, at one time, to call upon a client, with offices in one of the upper stories of the building in which Webster was employed, a little card in the ascending elevator caught the writer's eye. It was about four inches by six, plain white and printed in good, clear, easily read type. There were only four lines in all, but each seemed to have been carefully considered, so as to crowd as much into the limited space as possible. It read something like this:—

“Association Hall, 23d street and 4th avenue!

“Young Men's Rally on Sunday afternoon!

“Good Singing! Good Speaking!

“Come at 3:30 and Bring a Friend!”

It was not a difficult matter to guess whose hand had placed that sign there; and when the elevator man was asked about it, he replied, with a smile of pleasure: "Ah, that's Mr. Webster, who put it up. He's down, beyant, in the —— office. Ah! he's the fine young man." A similar card was found in the other elevator, thus making it impossible for any visitor to the upper floors of the building, to escape the invitation to the Sunday afternoon meetings of the association. Work at the office finished, Webster returned to the association rooms and there resumed unfinished details of the morning. At 6 o'clock he repaired to his boarding house, dined, "brushed up," as he expressed it, and in about an hour was back at his work, at the Twenty-third Street rooms. From this hour until 11 o'clock or thereabouts, he occupied himself with a variety of matters. There was always plenty of activity at the association rooms, of an evening, and Webster was quickly absorbed as a member of a number of the working committees. With the closing of the rooms, Webster repaired to his boarding house, and there, often until after midnight, he occupied himself as we have seen, with the furtherance of the plans of the railroad men in his native town, with the guidance of the Cadets of Temperance, and the conduct of the Bible class of railroad men's boys, also of the same place; and this large amount of work outside of his business, he carried on up to the day when he was stricken with his fatal illness. During these eleven years of his life, from 1880 until 1891,

Webster performed nearly as much work as when a regular secretary of the association. All his spare time was devoted to the building up of the association and in the endeavor to make it a power among young men. Sundays, holidays, none were exempt, and it was a rare day that failed to find Webster at the rooms. One of his happiest thoughts, in this connection, was, that God had so arranged matters as to enable him to give the greater part of his time to association work and without any pecuniary compensation. Thus, like the Great Apostle, he supported himself with the labor of his own hands, and gave his best efforts and thought, freely and without cost, to the Master, whom he so dearly loved. This, then, was his daily life for eleven years, an earnest, faithful, happy Christian, endeavoring with unflagging zeal to use all his powers to the best possible advantage for the furtherance of the kingdom of Christ among young men.

In this his labor for Christ, he developed some qualities and methods which are not only well worth a recital, but which may be taken as examples, by all engaged in Christian work.

Perhaps the most prominent of these qualities or characteristics was his genial manner. His face always wore a smile and he seemed to exhale kindness, gentleness, love. Some one has said of him that when he offered his hand in greeting to friend or stranger, he "put his heart in the palm." A man felt, on meeting him, that here was a friend indeed. In this connection, another young man speaking of

him after his death, said: "My acquaintance with Mr. Webster dated from 1882, on my first arrival in New York, and he was one of the first to make me feel that I had one friend in a city, which a few moments before was all strange." Again, it was remarked by a young man, that "Mr. Webster seemed to have known a fellow for a long time, the first time he met him. It didn't seem, somehow, when you were introduced to him, that you hadn't known him before. He acted just as if he was an old friend, right from the start. I don't mean that he was familiar, slapped a fellow on the back, and all like that, but, you know, he was dignified, and yet easy, and so kind and nice, and interested in a fellow, that you thought him, from the start, the nicest young man you'd ever met." It would be difficult to find a more condensed and perfect description of Webster's manner when with young men; it is a fine word picture of Webster, as he appeared to the average frequenter of the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association.

To this cordial manner, so attractive alike to friends and acquaintances, Webster added a personal grasp, of each man, if it may be so expressed, which kept him in touch with all whom he met; that is to say, he kept track, in a measure, of men he met, learned of their homes, lives, business, and on some pretext or other usually drew them into a correspondence with himself. He talked with them about themselves, their daily experiences, pleasures, troubles, and in each one he seemed to take a per-

sonal and particular interest. He rarely spoke of himself, and then but to illustrate better his ability to enjoy or sympathize. With such qualities, such methods, it was not long ere a man began to regard him in the light of a dear friend, a confidant, one to whom hopes, fears, ambitions, could be related, sure of a ready response and sympathy. In this way Webster found the heart of many a young man, shy and lonely, in a strange city, and liable to go wrong unless just such a friendly hand was stretched out to help him.

Throughout all his life, he realized fully that the old adage about Satan's ability to find some work for idle hands, was more true than poetic. Accordingly as soon as a young man had confessed Christ, Webster was urgent for him to take up some one of the many branches of Christian work, open for him at the association. In this he was most successful, not only in enlisting a new convert, but in putting him at that work for which he seemed to be especially fitted. Speaking of this, one of the secretaries says: "He had a peculiar knack of interesting and developing young fellows in active work in the association. The remark that a young man recently from the country made to me a day or two after his (Webster's) death, 'I was no good for work until Mr. Webster took hold of me,' is the testimony of many another young man." Lest any of those who review the life of Webster should be led to a wrong conclusion concerning this characteristic of his—this ability to influence young men for good—and

should consider it a *special gift* from Providence, it is deemed best to insert at this point the testimony of one who knew Webster well in life, and who was greatly helped by him.

* * * * *

“My first meeting with Webster was during the summer of 1883—probably in the month of July—I happened to attend one of the Sunday afternoon Bible classes. It was my first appearance in the rooms of the Young Men’s Christian Association. The first man to greet me at the close of the study was Henry Webster. Curiosity, I suppose, had led me into the rooms. I had no definite intention of making more than the one visit. It was probably his bright and cordial welcome and invitation to ‘Come again’ that induced me to attend the meeting on the following Thursday night. This was the commencement of the many happy days I spent in the service of the association, first as an active member, and a member of the devotional committee merely, and subsequently, a few months later, as one of the office secretaries. With Webster sitting near me, having again warmly welcomed me, I greatly enjoyed the Thursday night meeting. It was all new and a pleasant experience to me. I had never before seen a religious meeting conducted by any save a clergyman, nor had I ever listened to such ready and interesting testimonies for Christ, and all by young men! I was filled with a new zeal and burned to mingle my voice with the voices of the others, in giving testimony and ex-

hortation, but had not the courage. I rejoice to say that I have since then both witnessed for Christ, and conducted many such meetings in the churches of the denomination of which I am a member.

“It was not long before Webster ascertained whether I was a Christian. It was not his habit to long delay that important query, though he made it always cautiously, wisely, and kindly, and I doubt if he often failed to get a kind and candid reply. He learned that I was entertaining the thought of entering the ministry, though I had not yet commenced to study. I had never raised my voice in public. If my desire was to be realized I must begin somewhere. Webster thought the young men’s meetings would be a good starting place, and undertook the work of encouraging and starting me. Faithfully he sat beside or near me in the meetings, and when there would occur a lull, he would nudge me, and whisper in my ear, ‘Now is your time, Will.’ A considerable time passed before I could muster the courage, until on a Thursday night I promised him that I would speak before the meeting ended. I kept the promise owing to his constant urging, throughout the meeting, and regained my seat, scared almost out of half my wits. But the ice was broken, I had made a commencement, and for a long time afterward I did not fail to speak at every meeting. And so began my life work of preaching Christ. I may be pardoned for saying so much concerning myself, when it is remembered that by relating this episode in my own life, I present an

episode in the life of Henry Webster, that was many times repeated. As he appeared to me, so he appeared to great numbers of young men, who could relate similar experiences. We all owe debts of gratitude to those who help us over hard places in life. I had reached one of those places. Had Henry Webster not helped me, perhaps some one else would have done so. But it formed a part of his service for Christ to do it, and to him therefore is my gratitude due. I shall ever cherish his memory with warmest affection."

* * * * *

Here we see Webster's methods, simple, clear, earnest, and those which any consistent Christian can follow in an endeavor to win souls to Christ.

Another of Webster's methods which gave him, perhaps, his greatest hold upon young men, was his unaffected interest in all sports and pastimes. To the end that he might the better converse on these matters, he lost no opportunity to post himself on all the athletic sports, with which the country teems, during nine months of each year. In connection with this knowledge he was careful, also, to learn all the current phrases and idioms, which were the legitimate outgrowth of each distinct sport. Thus, when talking with a baseball enthusiast concerning some one of the games between nines of rival colleges, he was able to speak of "base-hits," "errors," "flies," "in and out shoots or curves," with the easy confidence of one who knew. It was the same with football, boating, yachting, the current

phrases of each, so dear to the ear of a true lover of the sport, fell from his lips easily, and enabled him to hold the interest of the listener, sending him away with the belief that Webster "was alive," and "in" everything that was worth having. It was the old story, Webster strove to be "all things to all men, that he might win souls to Christ." This desire of his to learn all about that which interested others, so as to be able to talk with them intelligently, is aptly illustrated by a little incident, related by a friend of his, which occurred just prior to his (Webster's) death. He says: "One morning as we walked down town, we happened to pass a window in which hung a picture of one of the scenes in the '———'. Neither of us had seen the play. He had talked with some one who had and he gave me quite an account, closing with the remark: 'I don't go to see these things, but lots of fellows do, and I want to know what it is they are interested in,' and he characteristically added, 'they don't do much thinking themselves, and it furnishes them with loose change for conversation.'" This same friend speaks of another incident in Webster's life, which bears upon his use of every day expressions: "Webster used current phrases," he says, "for the expression of religious truth in a striking way. One evening he spoke with a young man, who had just come from a meeting led by him, in relation to the salvation of his soul. The usual trivial excuse had been given, more time for thought, or some other day. Webster, standing before the young man with

his Bible open in his hand, said: 'Suppose I had a wire, running from here up to the throne of God, and I should ring the bell and call up, "God, here's a young man who says he will think about becoming a Christian as soon as he has got settled in business, and can get time to see to it. What shall I tell him?" God would send the answer down the wire: "Tell him, 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, etc.'"' This imaginary reply from above was made solemnly impressive by being read by Webster from the open Bible in his hand." Again he relates: "At another time, a young man had made a singularly apt quotation in the Bible class, and Webster remarked to him afterward—an athlete and baseball lover: 'That verse was good. You made a home-run that time.'"

Perhaps no one in the association realized more fully than Webster the need of regular religious instruction for these same athletic young men, so many of whom were coming to the rooms. He understood their temperament and feelings, and also, much of that spirit which made them refuse to become regular church goers. Full of life and spirits, with their veins fairly dancing with an exuberance of health, they felt but little sympathy for the service of the church, with its hymns, prayers and sermon. He saw plainly, therefore, that a religious service capable of attracting and finally converting them to Christ, must differ radically from all the old forms. He gave considerable time and thought to this need, and the result of his prayer and medi-

tation was the starting of a Sunday afternoon service, for young men only, which he termed the "Young Men's Rally." The plan was to hold a service in the hall of the association, each Sunday afternoon at 3:30. Speakers were to be asked, principally, from among Christian laymen, men well known in business, literary or political life. The address was to be on some topic relating chiefly to young men, to be founded on a terse text of Scripture, and was not, under any circumstances, to consume more than half an hour. A short chapter in the Bible, a brief prayer, and about twenty minutes of good singing, would make the entire service but one hour in length. Webster took entire charge of this meeting, secured speakers, arranged the topics, and saw to it that it was well advertised. From the start these meetings were most gratifying and are still carried on, and are one of the greatest of the association's aids in drawing young men to a religious life. In the conduct of these meetings and the arrangement of the "topics," and special Sundays, he showed rare skill. He had a species of horror for that half-alive Christianity, which permits its methods to run into a rut, and stay there. That he might avoid this, was his special aim, and he was constantly on the watch for fresh ideas and new thoughts, with which to enliven the meetings and attract young men to them. Some of his ideas in this connection were unique. On one occasion he arranged a series of services for Sunday afternoon, which he advertised as "Athletic Sundays." His

speakers for this course, some five or six afternoons in succession, were Christian young men, prominent in athletic circles, as Sunday, the right-fielder of the Pittsburgh, Pa., baseball club; Stagg, the college ball-pitcher; several members of the Princeton football team, and so on. It is needless to say that he had full houses on these occasions and what is more to the point, that many young men were converted. As a rule these meetings were most impressive, the audience quiet and attentive, and towards the close, frequently, deeply affected. The speakers, generally young men, different each Sunday, had each his own peculiar style of address, his individual way of presenting his topic. By this method nearly every class of young men was reached, and in a manner well nigh resistless. From his seat on the platform, next to the speaker, Webster closely watched the effect of the remarks on the audience. If, in his judgment, a strong impression had been made, it was customary at the close of the address, to call for a few moments of silent prayer. Then, when all heads were bowed, a gentle appeal was made to all those unconverted to come to Christ. To an outsider, and one visiting this meeting for the first time, these few minutes were singularly solemn. As the leader, in a quiet, subdued voice, asked those to rise for a second in their places, who desired to become servants of Christ, one by one from all parts of the hall, the young men would stand up, and on several occasions the writer has counted over a dozen such at a single meeting. In

connection with these services, Webster had as helpers a good committee of Christian young men. These same, at the beginning of the meeting, had scattered themselves, generally, throughout the hall. When the time came, therefore, for the call to Christ, as a would-be-Christian rose, he was carefully noted by the nearest worker. The silent prayer finished, a hymn was sung, and an invitation was extended by him to those who had expressed, by rising, a desire to serve Christ, to remain for a few minutes after the meeting was dismissed. As the gathering passed out of their places, each man who had risen in response to the call was approached by the worker who noted him, greeted kindly, and by him conducted to the small parlor adjoining the reception room, where the after meeting for new converts, as it was called, was to be held. In this way, almost every young man who had expressed a desire for a new life was reached at once, while the first yearnings for Christ were moving him. Webster did not believe in taking any chances; the best meetings, he used to say, are those which are "most systematically harvested." He felt that to let a young man go out and away, after a meeting, and without a word of prayer and guidance, without having fully committed himself by a confession of Christ to some Christian, was to risk his relapsing into former careless ways and walks. In this after-meeting, among new converts, Webster was, perhaps, at his best. It was truly personal work, and in this he had great faith, under Christ. Prior to

this, mention has been made of his winning manner and its power to draw young men to him. Here, in conversation with those so recently born into the kingdom, he seemed to attract young men in a most remarkable manner, and to plant in their hearts a strong, lasting attachment. Some time after his death there was handed to the writer a letter from a young man, who, under the guidance of the Master, and, apparently, while still unconverted, had strolled into one of these Sunday afternoon "Young Men's Rallies." Webster seems to have met him, as he was leaving, and to have invited him to come in to the secretary's Bible class, about to begin its lesson. He accepted the invitation, and in his own way, tells the whole story.

* * * * *

One Sunday afternoon in the middle of June 1889, I strolled into the Twenty-third St. Branch of the Y. M. C. A. and listened to the service, but to this day all was a blank to me. I could not think of anything that was said or sung; the one thing that absorbed my thoughts was the hand that held mine as I passed out of the Hall. I cannot recollect the words that passed between us, but there was something in that hand, and that face, that seemed to speak so much, that before I left I felt that I could have risked my life for him. I loved him more than any one on Earth, even my Mother. I never experienced anything like that meeting before, or since. Many times have I entered that building and longed to grasp his hand; he has been engaged and I did not like to intrude.

I was afraid he might think I was making myself too friendly, but I know differently now. In the 1st Epistle of John iii, 14, we are told that we know that we have passed from death unto life because we love the brethren. I feel sure that that meeting was my conversion. The *Lord* saved me through that hand of our dear departed brother Webster.

May be it was him that invited me into the 5 o'clock Bible Class. At any rate I attended it, and there I learned my 1st Lesson—from Mr. McConoughy, whom I also love dearly. I shall never forget it, it was the Parable of the Talents. I thought to myself have I got any talent to do something for the Master, and I soon answered my own question, I can give away Invitations, and so I did, from that, I was placed on the sick committee, then made Leader and the many blessings I have received during my service for the Master is wonderfull. How he has lead me and is leading me still, and I know he will to the end.

Oh, what the Lord can do with one that loves him as our dear Bro. did. Truly Jesus is our Teacher, but we can learn many beautifull and noble lessons from our dear Bros. life.

I need no Photograph of him, I can bring him before me in fancy any time, I remember the last conversation I had with him after I had given my testimony at one of the 6.30 Meetings (Sunday) telling how God had blessed me, and quoting Romans viii, 28.

All things work together for good to those that love God. how glad he was. and hoped that some one might be impressed by what I said. I had lost my Situation on saturday. was going up the Elevated Railroad Station at 14th Street, on monday morning to go down town to get some Paints, and something seemed to say, get the Paper and look at the advertisements. I came down the stairs again, got the Paper, found something to suit me, and got work *that day*.

so truly I can say the *Lord* was with me and according to his promise I believe he will never leave me nor forsake me.

May the blessing that attended our meeting be repeated many thousands of times, is the Prayer of your Bro in Christ.

P. S.

How much there is in a good Brotherly grasp of the hand. may the Invitation Committee of Twenty-third St. be ever known for its warm and welcome reception, and learn from our Bros life, many grand and noble examples.

Ever in the Masters service

Webster's interest and work in the White Cross movement has been ably treated in the following chapter, at the request of the writer, by Mr. Mornay Williams of New York City, a gentleman closely identified with the work from its inception, and an intimate friend of Webster's of many years standing.

CHAPTER VI.

THE WHITE CROSS MOVEMENT.

It must be apparent to any one who has read thus far the life of Henry Webster, that his interest in young men and in all that concerned their welfare was so deep and broad as to make him the enthusiastic advocate of any movement which had for its object the advancement of their moral and spiritual welfare. Nor could it have been long possible for one placed as Henry Webster was at the beginning of his young manhood in the whirl of the active business and social life of New York City to have failed to perceive the manifold temptations which surround every young man who finds himself a stranger without family or home ties in the great metropolis. Singularly pure and ardent as was his own temperament, Webster was keenly alive to the weaknesses of other men, and the temptations which were likely to meet them, and was always ready himself to give all of influence and effort that he might to aid his fellows in resisting temptation. It was, therefore, to be expected that when any new movement looking toward the formation of a higher

standard of personal purity had come to this country, Webster should be found among its early and earnest advocates.

In 1883, in the diocese of Durham, in England, there had been inaugurated a movement under the guidance of Dr. Lightfoot, then Bishop of Durham, and of Miss Ellice Hopkins, which at first directed to the locality in which it originated, soon spread through the entire United Kingdom, and in little more than a year was brought across the ocean, and found its place among the recognized forces of good in our own land. The genesis and the object of this movement, which has come to be known as the White Cross Army movement, is perhaps as succinctly and forcibly stated in the following extract from Henry Webster's own pen as it can be:

The White Cross Army movement aims to promote personal purity among men. It was first organized in England in 1883 by the Bishop of Durham, Rt. Rev. J. B. Lightfoot, D.D., whose deep scholarship and earnest spirit have become widely known through his Commentaries on the New Testament. It spread rapidly throughout England, and its membership has not been confined to the Established Church nor indeed to any Church. Though it is entirely a movement among men, a refined Christian woman of high social position, Miss Ellice Hopkins, has done more than any one else to promote its spread in Great Britain. Much of the lit-

erature on the subject is from her pen, and she has again and again addressed large audiences of men with the utmost delicacy, tact and power.

In the United States a committee, of which the Rev. B. F. DeCosta, D.D., is secretary, edited during 1884 five of the tracts of the White Cross series, and they are issued under their sanction by Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co., and sold at the bare cost of publication.

The work thus inaugurated in the United States was brought to the attention of a little group of active workers in the Twenty-third Street Branch of the Young Men's Christian Association early in the year 1885, and one Monday evening in February, in that year, they met together in the parlors of the association to learn from Dr. DeCosta the form in which the movement had taken shape in the Episcopal church. Among those who met there, the most interested and earnest, perhaps, of all, was Henry H. Webster, and in the formation of a committee to inaugurate this work as a branch of association work, it was felt to be the legitimate and almost necessary result of his active interest in the movement that Henry Webster should be made the chairman of the first White Cross committee of the association. Indeed, the rules by which the committee was governed were largely of his own framing, and, as a guide for similar efforts in other places, no less than as an apt illustration of his own execu-

tive ability in such matters, the rules, as he drafted them, are here incorporated:

RULES.

I. The White Cross Army of the Young Men's Christian Association of the City of New York shall be composed of all young men over sixteen years of age who shall agree to the following pledge:

"I promise by the help of God:—

"1. To treat all women with respect, and endeavor to protect them from wrong and degradation.

"2. To endeavor to put down all indecent language and coarse jests.

"3. To maintain the law of purity as equally binding upon men and women.

"4. To use every possible means to fulfil the command, 'Keep thyself pure.'

"5. To endeavor to spread these principles among my companions, and to try and help my younger brothers."

II. The object of this army shall be the promotion of purity among young men, the elevation of public opinion regarding the question of personal purity, and the maintenance of the same standard for men and women.

III. The management of the army shall be entrusted to a committee, appointed by the president of the association, the chairman of which shall also be designated by him.

IV. The committee shall elect from its own number a corresponding secretary, a recording secretary, and a treasurer, and may also appoint such sub-committees as may be found necessary to promote the objects of the army.

V. The members shall be admitted after being proposed in writing by a member of the army, and approved by the committee. Every member so admitted on signing his name shall receive a copy of the rules and a card of membership.

VI. The committee shall have full power to suspend or dis-

miss from the army any member for reasons which shall appear to be sufficient, and to erase his name from the books.

VII. All expenses shall be defrayed by voluntary contributions.

VIII. Meetings shall be held at such times as shall be deemed expedient by the committee, but no business shall be transacted at such meetings except such as may be brought before it by the committee.

IX. All meetings held in connection with this army shall be opened and closed with devotional exercises.

X. The committee may alter or amend these rules subject to the approval of the board of directors of the association.

On Monday evening, March 30, 1885, the first public meeting of the new movement was held in Association Hall. Perhaps the writer of this chapter may be pardoned if he intrudes a little of personal reminiscence in the narrative of the inception of this work. It had so happened that he had been associated with Henry Webster in the preparations for this meeting, and had looked forward to attending it himself, not only as an interested on-looker, but as one of the active workers in the new movement; but, in the providence of God, it was so ordered that just at the time when the preparations for the meeting were almost completed, he was called to bear great personal loss in the illness and death of his father. Of that illness and its then probable termination, Henry Webster had heard, and it was an act significant of his warm heart and ready thoughtfulness that he should have taken time at the close of the meeting, in which his own thoughts had been so much engrossed, to write a

short account of it to his friend. He evidently wrote just after the meeting was over, when its kindling enthusiasm was still upon him. "Our success," he says, "was complete tonight. One thousand in hall; nearly three hundred signed, and the addresses made a deep impression." A few days later he wrote again, this time to express his sympathy in the bereavement whose shadow had darkened the days preceding it; and perhaps it was with some thought of his own early loss of his father, and of what that father's memory had been to him, that he wrote to his friend: "A life so full of useful years is a rare legacy."

This quality of ready and hearty sympathy which is shown in the narrative given, was one of the qualities which made Henry Webster able to touch so many lives for good. But he was not, like many men of ready sympathies, unable to hold firmly to his own opinions and to maintain them in the face of vigorous opposition; and in the work of the White Cross Army, he was soon called to assert with determination that which he conceived to be the duty of Young Men's Christian Associations, in the new movement. It is, perhaps, the penalty that any organization must pay for its permanence, that it should always have to contend with an ultra conservatism, when any expansion of its work is proposed, and this penalty had to be paid in the interest of the Young Men's Christian Association. Scarcely had the movement been introduced before many active in the counsels of the association, and

deservedly esteemed for their work's sake, felt constrained to oppose the new departure, and to make their opposition felt in outspoken protest.

On one occasion, at least, this protest found voice in a resolution setting forth the belief of the body in session that "it is inadvisable for the associations to engage in any organized efforts for moral reform," and, again, "that they deem it unwise and contrary to the well-established principles formulated for the guidance of our association, to adopt the methods of the White Cross Army and similar societies." This opposition and kindred protests, Henry Webster found himself at once called to meet; but he never swerved from his conviction as to what was for him the path of duty, and from his fixed determination to do the work which he conceived had been laid upon him. Without debate, and yet without hesitation, he and those associated with him on the White Cross committee formulated and carried on their work.

It is, perhaps, needless to enter at any length into the history of that work. In the early days of the movement, it was largely a propaganda for the dissemination of information and for the inciting of interest in the movement in localities where it had not yet penetrated. Each month brought new requests for information as to the work from all quarters of the United States, and constant supplies of literature had to be forwarded to those desiring to form branches of the society. All of this was in addition to the regular work of the committee in

the City of New York and in connection with the Twenty-third Street Branch of the association. In this more limited work, special meetings were arranged, and speakers secured; the first Sunday afternoon in each month came to be regarded as the special time for the presentation of the work of the committee, and on occasional week nights throughout the year, other "rallies," as they were called, of the army, were held. Then, as the work extended, and as increasing demands were made for new pamphlets bearing upon the general subject, the White Cross committee, under Henry Webster's guidance, undertook the publication of a variety of tracts for distribution among young men. Most of these publications were done under the immediate supervision of Mr. Webster, and not a few of them have been found of great usefulness in the work of the society as it exists, not only in New York City, but throughout the country. And yet Henry Webster, himself, has been called away without having seen the full results of the work that he was thus active in founding. The opposition which he was called to meet in the early stages of the work has, in a large measure, if not entirely, ceased, and instead of being regarded as an alien, and an undesirable feature in association work, the White Cross Army is today enrolled by many associations as among the valued agencies for Christian work as it affects young men.

In no form of effort are statistics less available; and if available, less valuable than in just this sort

of effort. It would be idle to attempt to tabulate the results of the work which Henry Webster was thus active in initiating. Not here can the reckoning be had. And the verdict on his labor must be reserved for another tribunal than that of earth. But those who were privileged to be his associates in the years in which he did his work for young men in New York City have come to feel that in no small degree the beautiful eulogy which Walter Savage Landor passed upon his friend, Robert Southey, was true of Henry Webster:—

No firmer breast than thine hath heaven
To poet, sage, or hero given;
No heart more tender, none more just
To that He largely placed in trust:
Therefore shalt thou, whatever date
Of years be thine, with soul elate,
Rise up before the eternal throne,
And hear, in God's own voice, "Well done."

CHAPTER VII.

SPECIAL CHARACTERISTICS.

It was not long after Webster's second appearance in New York association work, ere his ability as a leader of young men became apparent to the directors of the institution. He was elected a director of the association, and remained as such until the reorganization of the work, on a different basis, early in 1887. In this reorganization, which made the old board of directors general supervisors, only, of a various number of committees of management, to whose immediate care the different buildings, in which the work was carried on, was intrusted, Webster became a member of the committee having the oversight and guidance of the building formerly known as the mother institution, but which was then made the Twenty-third Street Branch. He was elected by his associates in the management to the position of vice-chairman, and also that of chairman of the executive committee, the chief working body of the branch. To the duties here laid upon him, he brought to bear that care and earnestness so characteristic of the man in his man-

agement of all matters intrusted to his charge. He was punctual in his attendance on the weekly meetings of the committee, for the transaction of routine business, and wasted considerable valuable time in waiting for others who frequently came late. Of the actual work of this committee, needing care, management and thought outside the walls of the institution, he took upon himself a large share, and his hand and brain were frequently at work, shaping the course of some movement tending to help the association, long after his associates had left the committee. Beyond this duty as a manager of the branch, he occupied himself in guiding and helping the various sub-committees, those made up of members of the association. Thus, he frequently led the Thursday or Saturday evening prayer meetings, presided at the members' monthly meeting, or acted as chairman of a meeting called for some special purpose. In his character of presiding officer at all of these gatherings, he was, perhaps, at his best. At the Sunday afternoon "Young Men's Rally," of which he had full control, he often seemed inspired, for at such times he appeared to be capable of lifting his audience up to his own standpoint. He presided at all of these meetings—his absence being so rare as to permit the word all. His manner was entirely free from all affectation or self-consciousness. He rarely made the address, and then only under stress of circumstances, owing to the absence of the speaker advertised. In relation to this one of his friends says: "How few men

could have resisted the opportunity to magnify themselves, either by frequently attempting to speak, and thus to wield an influence they imagined themselves, with a greater or less degree of truth, to possess, or by a more or less ostentatious bearing, to secure a sort of admiration or respect, dear to so many, many of mankind, when before an audience. But no one was conscious of an intrusion of personality when Henry Webster presided. He was dignified, manly, possessed of tact, but there was a total lack of ostentation or affectation, which could have resulted from no other cause than an entire forgetfulness of himself." Another meeting which he conducted with equal if not superior success, was that held each night, during the week of prayer for young men in November of each year. A friend says of these meetings: "Mr. Webster assumed the leadership of the whole course of meetings during the week of prayer for young men. Every evening he was at his post, leading with tact and mildness, but intense power. And after the close of the meeting, he was always ready to talk with inquirers, seeming to have an inexhaustible ingenuity and patience." Another says: "I have known Henry Webster to talk with an inquirer after a meeting, for four hours on a stretch." Speaking of these meetings, one says: "His constant endeavor was to avoid all excitement and to have men decide the question of their destiny with all their senses about them. He spoke in a calm, conversational manner. There was on every occasion an en-

tire lack of affectation. The question of eternity was to him, and seemed to his audience, the most practical question of existence. The room was always filled to overflowing, but there was never any confusion. He had great tact, self-possession. The interest was breathless. How distinctly, as I write, do I recall his calm face and erect figure as he talked in his plain, practical way to the hushed audience."

This power as a leader of young men's meetings in Henry Webster was due, mainly, to two things—careful preparation beforehand and a perfect familiarity with the Bible. His conscientiousness in making himself ready for every meeting he attended was phenomenal. There was no exception to this rule; and no matter how small or apparently trivial the reason for a meeting might be, he followed the same course and came fully prepared to take part, expressing his views clearly, cogently, and to the point. Speaking of this carefulness, and the desire always to be ready, one of his friends says: "I remember having heard him once say that during his four years of college life he had never been late in chapel a single time; and this promptness and punctuality was a marked feature of all his after life. And not only was he always punctual in all his engagements, but he was faithful in the performance of every duty. Whatever work lay before him, was the work the Master had given him to do, and he did not shirk it. He did not, for instance, come without preparation to a committee meeting,

as is the rule with busy men. If he led a meeting or took part in one, there was also the same evidence of careful preparation. He was systematically faithful in attendance wherever he had engaged himself. Thorough conscientiousness marked every action."

His familiarity with his Bible and ability to quote with ease was one of his best helps. He was a devout student of the Word, and from boyhood had made it his constant companion. On this point his family express themselves thus: "He devoted much of his time to a thorough, careful study of God's Word, which was always very precious to him. His friends will remember his familiarity with the Bible and the ease with which he could turn to the passage he wanted. The Bible always lay open on a table in his room, so that as he moved about he might glance at it and fix some precious truth in his memory."

One of Henry Webster's most prominent characteristics was his perfect self-control. Under circumstances the most trying, he never lost his temper or gave way to harsh criticism. In connection with this point an old friend and fellow-worker says: "I was associated with him in the Sunday afternoon meeting, in Association Hall, from its beginning, and had abundant opportunity to observe his calmness, patience, self-control, whatever we may choose to call it—in the face of countless annoyances. When, for instance, prominent men advertised to speak were late, as they not infre-

quently were, and the time for the meeting to begin was fast approaching, and even passing, and an audience of sometimes many hundreds were waiting, and he, the master of ceremonies, and not yet before the audience, there was never an exclamation of impatience or annoyance. This, as I look back upon it, and at the same time remember our very human nature, seems to me no less than wonderful. He was not only master of the situation, but master of himself."

Perhaps it was this same perfect self-control which made him such a favorite and so successful with the boys. It is said that no man can attract the "general boy" unless he is a perfect master of self. However true this may be, it was certainly a fact with Henry Webster, for every boy he met seemed to be drawn insensibly to him. We have seen this to be the case back in his schooldays; then, again, in his native town; and it was repeated once more in his association work in New York City. This attraction was largely due, undoubtedly, to Webster's love for boys, and it was the moving cause, which culminated finally in the formation of the Boys' Department, in the Twenty-third Street association building. As we have seen, in his efforts to help the boys of the railroad men of Mauch Chunk, he recognized in them the future men of the day and realized the importance of giving them a good start toward right and truth. In the association at New York, he found a much larger field for such work. He recognized the opportunity possessed by the

association, of gathering the boys, who occasionally ventured to come to the rooms, into a section by themselves, an embryonic association, from which in the process of time they could be drafted into the greater body. By this means, he saw, a wholesome moral influence could be thrown around a number of boys, and a thorough grounding in Christian principles be given them. Space forbids a detailed account of the formation and growth of the Boys' Department of the Twenty-third Street association, under the fostering care of Henry H. Webster. Suffice it to say, that his efforts finally procured for the boys a room, nicely fitted up, furnished with books, papers, and games, where, under his care and the help of one of the secretaries, especially detailed for the purpose, the boys could spend certain hours of the afternoon and evening. From this small beginning of half a score of boys and one room, there has grown up a strong and well equipped department, distinct from the main body, and yet dependent upon it, and from whose ranks are annually recruited strong young workers for both church and association.

CHAPTER VIII.

CLOSING DAYS.

During the Christmas holidays of 1890, Webster was foremost in everything pertaining to the arrangement for the coming "open house," on New Year's day at the Twenty-third Street Branch. Especially was he active in the preparation for this the greatest reception day of the year for the branch, owing to the fact that following an unvarying custom, he expected to be absent, spending New Year's day with his mother and relations at the family home in Mauch Chunk. The account of this his last holiday on earth, is so well given by one of his sisters, that it is inserted here, in full:

"Henry spent every holiday at home and he was with us on New Year's day, 1891. There was a large family gathering that day of children and grandchildren, and no one was so bright and happy as Henry. As we gathered for family worship in the morning he said in his own sweet way, 'I have

a good hymn for today. I chose it in New York.
And then he led in singing:

Dear Savior! we are thine
By everlasting bands!
Our names, our hearts, we would resign,
Our souls into thy hands.

* * * * *

Since Christ and we are one,
Why should we doubt and fear?
If He in heaven hath fixed his throne,
He'll fix his members there.

"We had a long, quiet talk together in the afternoon and he told me of many of his plans, and expressed once more his thankfulness for the blessing of a happy Christian home and for the strong family love that bound us so closely to each other.

"In the evening we were at a reception in the Young Men's Christian Association rooms. As I saw Henry moving about and talking to everyone in his sweet, gracious way, I was more than ever before struck with the purity and beauty of his face. Others have told me since that they were almost awed by the heavenly brightness of his countenance.

"The next morning he left us. We had an early breakfast, and Henry said there was time for a word of prayer together before he went to the train. We knelt down, and once more, very lovingly, he commended us all to God's care. He went away promising to come back soon. Only two weeks later

they brought him to us, but, oh, how different from the anticipated home-coming!"

Returning to the city on the day following, January 2, he entered into the association work with redoubled zeal. With a single exception, perhaps, this month is the busiest in the branch, of the entire year, for during its course there occurs the anniversary of the branch and the laborious time, incidental to the closing of the work of one year and the taking up of another. Then, too, there is the supervision of the working committees of the branch, in several of which Webster was especially interested.

During January these committees usually endeavor to start afresh, new lines are mapped out, new methods are devised in every legitimate way known. An endeavor is made to strengthen the committees and to make their work more effective for the coming year. In none of these working committees was Webster more interested than in that of the White Cross, and as soon as he returned from his New Year's visit to his home, he began arrangements for its next meeting to be held January 8. As far as we are able to tell, he arose on the morning of this day, Thursday, feeling anything but well. He spent less than his usual time, in the morning, at the association rooms, confining himself as far as possible to the final arrangements for the meeting to be held that night. He then went down to

his place of business and began the regular routine of duties. As the day wore on he grew more and more ill, and by 4 or 5 o'clock decided that it would be unwise for him to attend the meeting of the White Cross committee, for which he had been so carefully preparing. Accordingly, he telephoned this disappointing fact to the secretary, Mr. James McConaughy, and soon after, closing his desk, left for his boarding house. Upon reaching his room he felt uncomfortable, chilly, and somewhat weak. This unpleasant condition continuing, shortly after he crawled into his bed, not waiting even to remove his clothing. All through that long night he suffered intense pain, and the coming of the morning light found him dangerously ill. Speaking of these, his last days upon earth, a member of his family relates: "It was the first time he had ever been sick, the first day he ever spent in bed, but with his usual good sense he laid aside all thought of his business or his work and did everything that the doctors and nurse told him would aid in his recovery. During those days of sharp, terrible pain, and agonizing struggle for breath, not one word or gesture of impatience ever escaped him. In the short intervals of relief from the sharpest pain, although he was too weak and exhausted to speak, he remained calm and composed, with a sweet, peaceful expression on his face.

"All that medical skill, good nursing, and loving care could do for him, was done. 'Prayer was made without ceasing for him,' in the churches, in the

daily meetings, in the association rooms, and in many homes where he was known and loved. Little children knelt and asked God to 'make Mr. Webster well.' But the dreadful disease, pleuropneumonia, was never arrested one moment in its course, and it was evident to all that he could not resist it much longer, that the end was drawing near.

"The doctors' commands were positive that he must not be agitated, that everything depended on keeping him quiet, so his family dared not talk to him about the things that filled their minds. On the last day his brother told him that the doctors thought that the chances were all against his recovery. After a moment Henry answered calmly: 'It is all right, I have no fear, I am accepted in Christ.' His brother repeated the Twenty-third Psalm and Henry said: 'I went all over that several nights ago.' As he grew worse so rapidly he was delirious for several hours and when the delirium passed away he was too weak to say a word. We think he knew who was with him, that he was conscious that his mother sat beside him and held his hand and that his brothers and sister were near his bed. While his brother Richard was praying, he turned his face to him with the sweetest, most confiding look, and in a few moments he was gone. (It was early on Saturday morning, January 17, 1891.) His mother says that Henry's face was so bright and peaceful and heaven seemed so near that she could almost hear the Master's words of welcome: 'Well

done, good and faithful servant,' as her youngest boy entered into the joy of his Lord."

Sunset and evening star
And one clear call for me,
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea;
But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam—
When that which drew from out the boundless deep,
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell—
And after that the dark—
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark.
For tho' from out our bourne of time and place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to meet my Pilot face to face,
When I have crossed the bar.

CHAPTER IX.

AFTER THOUGHTS.

The intelligence of the death of Henry H. Webster spread rapidly, and was everywhere received with expressions of profound regret. At the Twenty-third Street association, the State and International Committees of the Young Men's Christian Association, the Fourth Avenue Presbyterian Church, in which he had been very active, and among his many friends, there was but one sentiment expressed, and that was, that in the death of Henry Webster they had suffered an almost irreparable loss. In his native town, Mauch Chunk, the whole community joined in an expression of sorrow, and the event took on the nature of a general bereavement. All creeds and nationalities joined hands at this period, and vied with each other in doing honor to the memory of the deceased. The St. Aloysius Total Abstinence Society, composed of the young men of the Roman Catholic Church, on hearing of the death of "Our beloved and highly respected citizen, Henry Horace Webster," passed a resolution expressing their sorrow at

the loss of "one who during life proved himself to be a faithful adherent to our holy cause; one who was untiring in his zeal, and unselfish in his great devotion to the practices of morality; he won for himself by his genial disposition, true humanity, benevolence and virtue, the respect and confidence of our members, thereby leaving a memory which will be fondly cherished as an example worthy of imitation." A Chinaman, who is still a heathen, and who had known Webster, said of him: "He was too good to live. * * * He loved God and Jesus Christ. He prayed for the railroad men, and prayed for everybody. He loved everybody and everybody loved him."

Quickly following his death, obituary notices appeared in the *New York Times*, *Baltimore American*, *Coal Trades Journal*, *Mauch Chunk Times*, all speaking of him in the highest terms and deploring that a life so eminently useful, so grand in its aims and purposes, should be thus soon cut off.

On the evening of the day of his death, Webster's body was taken to his mother's home, at Mauch Chunk, and on the Tuesday succeeding, funeral services were held in the church founded by his father, and the one whose welfare had always been so dear to him, when in life. "There was a large attendance of relatives and friends from a distance," says the *Mauch Chunk Coal Gazette*, "while the people of the town, who had known and loved the lamented dead, since his earliest childhood, turned out in great numbers. * * * The casket con-

taining the remains was borne to the vestibule of the church, and deposited near the tablet erected to the memory of the father of the deceased, who was the founder of the church. The bearers took their places and acted as a guard of honor. The large concourse of people were now given an opportunity to gaze for the last time upon the face of one whom they loved during his life and honored when death claimed him. * * * The church was crowded with people of all denominations and the solemn service impressed everyone. Rev. Dr. Edsall Ferrier of Easton, Pa., former pastor of the church, opened the services by reading an appropriate selection from the Scriptures. * * * Prayer was next offered, a hymn sung and then an address, filled with words of eulogy, was delivered by Dr. Ferrier, who referred to the deceased as a son. * * * At the conclusion of the address the Young Men's Christian Association sang a hymn, after which Dr. Ferrier pronounced the benediction. The large concourse then sorrowfully wended its way to Mauch Chunk cemetery, where all that was mortal of this good Christian was consigned to mother earth. The services at the grave were conducted by Revs. Ferrier and Stevenson, and were solemn and impressive. After the benediction had been pronounced, the obsequies were ended."

Following the funeral services on Sunday, February 1, a memorial meeting was held in St. Paul's M. E. chapel, in Upper Mauch Chunk, the special feature of which was the address of the Rev. Dr.

Edsall Ferrier. During the course of his remarks, the Doctor said:

“There are certain truths that make us as we are; they may be called predominant. We may be conscious or unconscious of them. And in listening to these testimonies this afternoon I asked myself the question: What are the simple truths that influenced the life of our dear brother? I was intimately acquainted with Henry Webster, and he had this opinion: Unbounded possibilities of usefulness on the part of every one. If he knew a man he could find out his particular way of doing good. To you or me the field might look as barren as a Sahara, but to him it was always full of opportunities for doing good work. Why, friends, opportunities worth more than gold are scattered all around us, and we do not take advantage of them. Let me ask you all, have you done what you can for the Lord Jesus Christ?

“Henry Webster always recognized the worth of a man. It mattered not whether it was a confirmed sot; it was a human being and was something worth saving. He never went into a railroad car without wondering if every person there had a hope of heaven. There are thousands today in New York to give the same testimony that you have given this afternoon in regard to him.

“I remember a meeting held in the hose room on Sunday afternoon, where, at the request of Henry, twenty men arose for prayers, and out of this twenty, seventeen joined the Methodist church.

“He believed salvation took in everybody. He was once asked, in the hose room, by a friend, if he thought God loved a certain man who was known to be very wicked, and he replied: ‘God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life.’

“Henry always worked for immediate results. He would often go up to a man, in this room, and say: ‘Do you wish to become a Christian?’ In all probability the man would try to put him off with some excuse, but Henry would plead with him until the man confessed that he did want to become a Christian. ‘Well, now,’ Henry would say, ‘You have told me all. Just get down on your knees and tell the Lord what you have told me.’ And before long he would have the man on his knees.

“I was walking one day with Henry through Upper Mauch Chunk, when we saw an old man approaching, and Henry said, ‘I will speak to this man and see if he is a Christian.’ Had I been alone I would never have thought of speaking to the man. But with Henry it was different. He approached the old man in a friendly way and after some conversation, said: ‘My friend, are you a Christian?’ ‘No.’ ‘Don’t you think it about time you gave your heart to Christ?’ The old man looked down and said: ‘No, not yet.’ And we went on sorrowfully. We never heard whether that man gave his heart to Christ or not. I suppose there are a great many here today who will keep on saying,

until they go down to the grave, 'Not yet, not yet.' "

Prior to this meeting in Upper Mauch Chunk, a memorial service was held in Association Hall, New York City, on Sunday afternoon, January 25. At this hour, 3:30, the Young Men's Rally, inaugurated and carefully watched and tended by Henry Webster, was wont to be held. What more fitting therefor than that this meeting should take to itself the nature of a service in memory of him who labored so long and earnestly for its welfare. Long before the hour set for the opening of the service, the hall began to be filled, and when the chairman, President Cleveland H. Dodge, arose, every seat was taken and the large hall, holding 1,350, was packed to the doors. In the course of the short speech with which he opened the meeting, President Dodge said: * * * "He lived, indeed, a life without guile—the most modest of men, the most unassuming, the most quiet; and yet with all that, he was burning with such a love for God, that his influence over young men was well nigh irresistible.

* * * And this old hall, here, the walls of these galleries, if they could speak, could tell you, who have not been the regular attendants here, the part of work that Webster did. For the past ten years he came into contact with more young men, and influenced them toward a higher life more than any other man I know."

Mr. William E. Dodge said of Webster: * * * "His life crowded into the few years of it more Christ-likeness than has been found in many lives

that have been long continued. And there is something very sweet in thinking of his going to the new life, with all that strong, robust manliness which characterized him. We do not know the full nature of that future life, but we may cherish the hope that going as he has gone, in all the vigor of manhood, and all the sweetness of service, he must be more ready for higher experience there. * * *

There are a great many of us who hope we love Christ, and believe that we are servants of the Lord, but there is a higher plane than that, and He, Himself, has spoken to us about it, 'I call ye not servants but friends. Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you.' And Webster was emphatically a friend of Christ, in close walk and fellowship with Him, receiving from Him inspiration and help; and as is always the case he grew like his Friend."

Mr. Richard C. Morse, speaking for the International Committee, of which Webster was a member, told of a visit he had made with him to Northfield, Mass., during the summer of 1890. "As was natural, we often asked him to go to the State and International Convention, but he was reluctant to go, questioning, altogether too modestly, his power to contribute to the usefulness of these meetings. But he was persuaded last summer to visit Northfield, Mass., and attend the College Students' Summer School for study of the Bible and Christian work. Over five hundred students came together from various associations. There was a group of dele-

gates from Oxford, Cambridge, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dublin, Berlin and Paris. There was another interesting group of over twenty Japanese students from our American colleges, besides hundreds of students from all parts of this land and from many other countries. Every evening a meeting was held in the open air on a round hilltop, as the sun was setting. One day we asked Henry to speak to that meeting, and I like to think of him as he stood there that evening. There was not anything so very eloquent in what he said, but there was the sympathy with men and boys, and college boys, that was ever going out from him—the same spirit as his Master; and as I saw his form against the reddening sky, and those boys all about him, it seemed to me that he was then almost ready to go up higher; and since he has gone he has come back to me over and over again, standing there among the college boys, and somehow I think that might have been the beginning of the benediction and embrace with which he was finally caught up into the love and fellowship, the joy and sympathy, of Him, whom not having seen, he loved, and in whom believing he rejoiced, with that joy that was ever on his face, and that came from his face and heart into our countenances and lives.”

Other speakers followed, and then after a hymn, the great meeting dispersed.

About the time of this meeting a number of sympathetic letters were received both by the family of Henry Webster, and the association. From among

these kindly expressions, the following have been taken:

* * * * *

“I feel as though I had lost a brother out of my own family,” writes Mr. Ira D. Sankey. “What a loss to the association! and who can take his place? In all my wide acquaintance with Christian young men, none stood higher in my estimation than Henry H. Webster, nor do I know of one who, in my judgment, was better prepared to go and render an account of his stewardship. I shall never forget the last meeting in the parlor. Another soldier has fallen at the post—another leader gone—what shall we do? I hear a voice that seems to come from above, saying, ‘Onward, onward—this man gave his life for the young men of New York City, and for the young men of his country: close up the ranks—his death will be worth a thousand men to the cause of Christ this year. *Forward! Forward!*’ The voice is true, and shall not each member of the association in New York, and of the associations throughout the country, reconsecrate his life to the work of winning young men to Christ. ‘The workers die, but the work goes on.’ With deepest sympathy.”

Another writes:—

* * * * *

“I have often quoted your family as a marked instance of God’s love to his covenant people.

“Richard Webster, after twenty-one years of

earnest, intelligent and devoted service in his Master's vineyard, was called to his gracious reward, leaving to you, under God, the responsibility of training up seven children for a life of usefulness in the world.

"How thankful you must be for your family of sons and daughters. All of your sons educated, cultivated, Christian men, and active workers in the Kingdom of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ. I remember speaking to Henry on the subject of personal religion when he was about fifteen years of age, all of his older brothers being at that time professed Christians.

"The everlasting covenant between the Father and the Son, in which your family were included, and to which your husband and yourself had given your adhesion in consecrating all your children to Him, left none out; and Henry also consecrated himself to Christ and became an earnest and successful worker for his divine Lord.

"Then why was he taken away from a field of usefulness in which he was so earnestly engaged? The Lord had need of him. He has a right to do as He will with his own.

"We could not understand why Henry's father in the prime of his manhood and the height of his usefulness, should have been called away. Here we see through a glass darkly. We must wait for a vision of the throne to understand what we know not now.

"This note may reach you while the rest of your

family are still about you. Mrs. ——— and our family join me in kindest Christian sympathies to you all.

Yours in our Lord,
————."

Again there come tender words of sympathy to the sorrowing ones at Mauch Chunk:

"Ever since this trial came to you and yours, I have been wanting to write to you, but somehow I felt that I could not comfort you, and I would not write merely for form. But tonight I feel that God is so wonderfully comforting and sustaining you, that while my heart aches with you, and for you, I can also sympathize with you in God's great goodness to you, in all your children, but especially in the gift of such a son as Henry, and for loaning him to you for thirty-seven years, for giving you the great comfort of his dutiful, tender love so long, for all he was to you, to his sisters, and brothers, and for the blessed knowledge that his whole life was one living, consecrated service to his Master, and tender solicitude for the souls of his fellow-men. In your loneliness, think of the 'Well done, good and faithful servant' from his Master, and of 'the joy of his Lord' that he shares, of the blessed reward that is his, of the redeemed souls already there to greet him, as the one who led them to Jesus, and the many, many more who will be stars

in his crown. Surely as 'one whom a mother comforteth' so the Lord is comforting you. I know that the 'Everlasting arms are underneath you.' That He who was with you in six troubles, did not desert you in the seventh.

"When Anna told me the history that Dr. Ferrier gave of Henry, both from his own personal knowledge, and that of others, I wanted to thank God for a Henry Webster. And while I can't fathom the mystery that one, so pre-eminently useful, who seemed so much needed, should be taken in the midst of work, I realize that they 'live longest who live best,' and surely in that sense his was a long life. He has only been promoted to a higher, nobler work for the Master.

"For you, dear friend, the separation will be short, and then the glad reunion with him and his sainted father, is near. What a joyful meeting that was for them. I may be singular in this, but I love to think of the meeting between my father and mother, and of theirs with Mr. Webster, and for so many dear friends whose bond of union was their common love and work for Jesus.

"And yet my dear Mrs. Webster, Martha, Maggie and Lizzie, my heart goes out to you in tender sympathy in your terrible loneliness, your daily increasing sense of loss, as you realize more and more that he is really gone from your loving care, and that you can no longer rest in his. And I pray God to comfort each one of you, as He alone can. Please consider this written to each one. I hope Lizzie

will accept my grateful thanks for her thoughtful remembrance of us in her own bitter sorrow.

“It was a great grief to me that I could not come up, but you understand why.

Ever your loving friend,

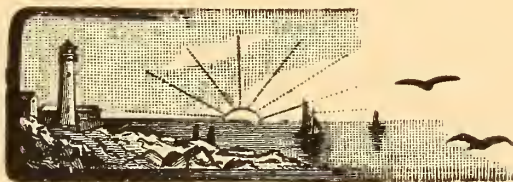
* * *

While these testimonials and letters show how highly Webster was esteemed by his friends, how greatly they admired and praised his grand work, yet the record of his life would be incomplete without a word or two from “his boys;” the young fellows to whom his great heart went out, in such love and sympathy; and who, with him, had helped to form and carry on the Boys’ Department of the Twenty-third Street Branch. At a meeting, shortly after his death, many of these boys were present and quite a number of them spoke, briefly but powerfully, of the help Henry Webster had given them in coming to Christ. Said one, in closing, quoting Webster’s own words: “John, you do not know the joy of a life lived for Jesus, until you have sunken your whole life in it as I have done. To live a life for Jesus is the best life.” Another said: “The life of Jesus spoke in all his actions, in the hearty words, the warm hand-shake. I pray God that He will make more men like Henry Webster.” “Although Mr. Webster is dead,” said one, “yet he speaks, and he spoke very strongly through the influence of that meeting, this afternoon. [In

the hall, 3:30.] It struck me what a noble thing it was to so live that when we go, we shall be missed and our influence live after us; and I decided there and then that I would try to live so that when my time is finished on earth, I should be so missed." Another said: "One of Mr. Webster's sayings has done a great deal to help me in the matter of daily communion with God, and the habit of daily reading of his Word. It was this: 'There are a great many young men who lead Christian lives, who spend more time in the blacking of their shoes than they do in praying and reading his Word.'" "I remember his face so well, in the prayer meeting," declared another, "I just happened to lean over and look at his face. He was in prayer and as I saw his expression I thought what a good, what a pure man you are. Would to God I could be a man like that."

And so could it be continued, so could testimony be multiplied to the grand, pure, helpful, unselfish life led by Henry H. Webster; but space fails and our little story of his life must come to a close. As we leave the contemplation of the earthly life of this Christian young man, what more fitting ending can we have than a word from him regarding his conception of our existence here, and the coming of the final summons. It is peculiarly apt, spoken as it is by the lips of one who, as men regard it, was taken away in the midst of his usefulness and with great possibilities for good before him. During a conversation one day, held with his friend, William

Russell Collins, now an Episcopalian clergyman, settled at Philadelphia, Pa., Webster said: "I do not like to see the broken shaft in the cemetery. It teaches a false doctrine. Our lives are not cut off in the bud, nor in the middle. When the death summons comes, life is finished, whether or not its opportunities have been improved; for were the days prolonged the same opportunities would not return. At the end of life man has had every opportunity God ever intended him to have, whether the end occur at thirty or at eighty years."







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